THE BYSTANDER]
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OCTOBER 18, 1933

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The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE GOLF GOSSIP

"Bystander" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes: Conservative Conference Caricatures

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FRANCE—*continued.*

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The Bystander, October 18, 1933 No. 1557. Vol. CXX.

The BYSTANDER

GLAMOROUS?

Katharine Hepburn and Adolphe Menjou as they appear in one of their scenes together in "Morning Glory," Katharine Hepburn wearing the dress which, our film critic suggests, has caused her to be described as "glamorous." What adjectives are more truly descriptive of her special qualities may be discovered elsewhere in this number, as may a further gallery of portraits taken from this, her latest film

• WHAT'S • ADO • ABOUT • TOWN

"The Bystander's" Potted Social Diary of the Week

WITH great relief for their safe return, one notes that Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys are returning to London for the Little Season. They have been to Harrogate.

Reception

The **Egyptian Minister** gave a reception at Bute House in celebration of the accession to the throne of King Fouad I. Duly drinking his health were Sir John Simon, Lord Lloyd, the Claude Leighs, the Scott-Callinghams, Lord Erleigh, and Sir Denison Ross. Miss Rose Rosenberg may have been representing the Prime Minister: she was there, he was not. Dr. Affifi Pasha, the Egyptian Minister, is always one of our best ambassadorial hosts.

Matrimonial

An important marriage last week, though all marriages should be important (at least, in the early stages) to two people, was that of **Mr. D'Arcy Lambton** to **Miss Monica Brand**—the Durham family and the Hampden. Traffic duly held up in the Strand and Trafalgar Square for ceremony at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Reception held at Duke of Buccleuch's house, in Grosvenor Crescent, at which flocks of Scotts were present.

At Finchampstead, **Mr. John Flower** married **Miss Susan Simonds**: the latter name seems to suggest the local beer, and the former reminds us of the Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon. Am expecting shortly to hear of a further romance in the Flower family. The Cunningham-Reids have returned from an extended tour in Europe; they had with them in their party Mr. Fordham Flower and the Hon. Eileen Brougham.

Midnight Folly

In the night-life world, the great feature was the opening performance at the Dorchester of the New York Midnight Follies, or, more popularly, **"Les Girls."** After the cabaret, the exquisite blondes mingled with the distinguished throng, which included several Indian potentates, with staff, also Parisian visitors. Lord Queensberry entertained too, after which some of "Les Girls" went on to the Florida. Seen dancing at the Dorchester: Lord Brecknock with Lady Brecknock; Mr. Simon Marks with Lady Ravensdale, Dave with Dorothy Fitzgibbon (the last-named pair in the cabaret). Mrs. Stewart Brown and Mrs. Cecil Pim did not wear their brightest smile as "Les Girls" pranced round; Lord Hindlip, on the other hand, did. Let not Mayfair be too disgruntled—already Sandra Rambeau is preparing to go to Nepal, and Vergil Dodd has a diamond wrist-watch. And I heard one husband distinctly exclaim: "We'll do better to stick to our wives." Understand management of May Fair and Dorchester Hotels on look-out for a reputed seller of pass-keys; also worried that "Les Girls" have not got suites.

Show Notes

At the Embassy Club one noticed many members in town for the **Motor Show** or the **Dog Show** at the Crystal Palace. A stranger almost in London, Mrs. Cecil Pim, remarked: "I should like to show my Bedlington." Mrs. Gulbenkian's Pekinese should also have taken prizes, but was not exhibited. Pleased to note Lord Londonderry won a prize with a bull-mastiff, and Sir Harry Preston one with a bull-terrier.

At the Motor Show at Olympia was able to put in my order for a new Bentley just as Prince George passed by. Feel sure he was duly impressed. Later cancelled order, due to possibility of trade enquiries.

Mr. John Smiley, Miss Winifred Paget, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge and Mr. David Tennant having supper at the Café de Paris, where Josephine Baker, in cabaret, is at the moment the big attraction

The Play

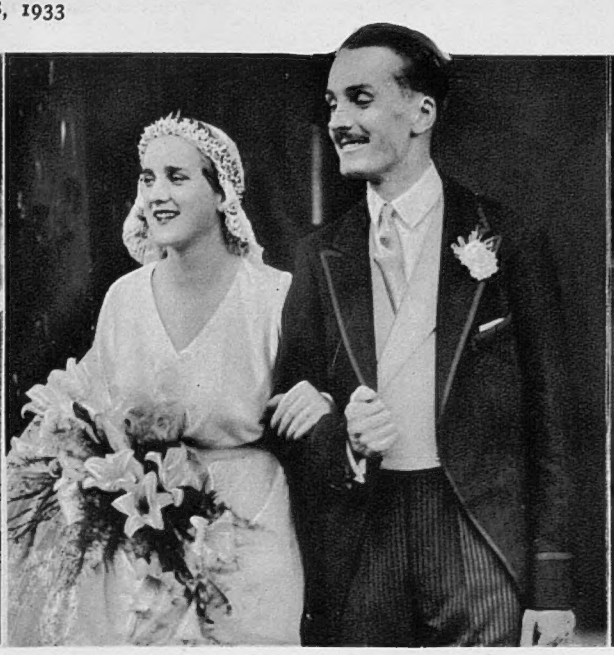
In the theatre, the Old Vic led the way with a visit to *The Cherry Orchard*. **Chekov**, or Tchekov, or Chechov, or Tchechov, really at his cheeriest, as play is presented.

Much more in his line would be *Sunshine House*, at the Little Theatre, where we are all amongst the **lunatics.**

Mrs. Arthur James and her sister, Miss "Baby" Jungman, were two of the younger generation of first-nighters at the "Ballerina" première

Again at the Gaiety: the Countess of Jersey, Lady Dashwood and the Earl of Jersey on their way down to their seats before the curtain went up for the first time on the first scene of the new play

Yet another view of th Delamere, who wa evening's temperatur



Swaebe

Swaebe

Above: Mr. D'Arcy Lambton, the Hon. Claud and Mrs. Lambton's second son, and the Hon. Monica Brand, Viscount and Viscountess Hampden's youngest daughter, leaving St. Martin-in-the-Fields after their wedding

Mr. Beverley Nichols, Mr. Roberts and Miss M. Baron getting cool outside the Gaiety on the first night of "Ballerina," which was held on the midsummer-like Tuesday evening of last week

Swaebe

Left: Capt. E. H. Tattersall, Lady Pamela Smith, the Hon. Sheila Berry and Capt. the Hon. John Mitford arriving to see Frances Doble in the part of the heroine of Lady Eleanor Smith's novel

ame occasion, this time of Lord Delamere, Lady earing a summery-looking dress to match the d Mr. Ralph Glover as they arrived at the theatre

A similar performance at the Palladium, where a **Crazy Month** is in progress. Saw Lady Mount Temple laughing away.

At the **Gaiety** Frances Doble and Lady Eleanor Smith make the best of the latter's novel, *Ballerina*. Thought the dancing of Wendy Toye and Brigitte very good. Did an M.P. for a Northern constituency put up the money for this play? Saw the Portarlingtons, Mr. Reginald Purbrick, the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Eliot, Lady Pamela Smith, Miss Sheila Berry.

Lady Cunard has been well to the fore in the world of music. Was seen at **Sadler's Wells**, at first performance of *Tsar Saltan*: was overheard giving much useful advice to Major Geoffrey Toye, re scenic effects: "Everything can be done with money," was his cryptic reply.

She was also at the **Royal Philharmonic Society's** first concert, surrounded by "The Faithful": put such as Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald, and Lady Colefax in this group.

Racing

Chatting over the result of the **Cesarewitch** in Punch's Club, I noticed Benita Hume and Mr. Jack Dunfee. "When's the wedding?" I asked. "I don't know," she replied. "I'm off to Hollywood again very soon." This engagement is longer than most Mayfair marriages.

At Newmarket was able to pick out some neat dresses. Lady Durham wore a skirt of unrelieved black, and I did so admire Mrs. J. A. Dewar in cranberry-red frisé cloth. Lady Rosebery sensibly wore a mink coat, which Lord Rosebery took particular pains not to crumple. There was a lot of lamb about—Lady Lavinia Dundas's tweed was trimmed with grey Persian lamb, while a similar animal, but in brown, adorned the high collar worn by the Princess Royal.

Book of the Week

One of the greatest literary effusions of the generation (Which generation?—Editor) has appeared in the work **"From Verse to Worse,"** by Lionel, Lord Tennyson. The author has omitted a great deal of the verse. "Dear old Li," as Solly Joel used to call him, has told us a few things about himself. On this novel note hangs the success of the book. All the world loves Lionel—read of his successes in England, Africa, Chicago, and the West Indies. But see his character in every line of the book; in this passage for instance:

"'I'm lucky to get a dance with you this evening, Vi,' said I, as I captured her from a whole horde of dancing men.

"'It *was* our dance, I suppose, Lionel?'

"'Of course it was. Do you suppose I would say so if it wasn't?'"

Now that is the spirit of the true cavalier of the ball-room. And in the preface he nobly asserts that his grandfather, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, is "still the greatest author in the family." I heard of the book being passed round in Buck's and White's Clubs, and of the spontaneous laughter at the Tennysonian sallies. As he says of his own poetic contributions:

"I set down the following witty lines."

This Week

Dairy Show, for those who like *Cows*. Motor Show, Olympia.

Tuesday.—Opening of D.A.M.'s Club, arising, like a phœnix, out of the Bat.

Wednesday—Hoffmann, at Queen's Hall.

The Wind and the Rain at the St. Martin's Theatre.

MR. PEEPS

• PERSONALITIES

• **LADY ZIA WERNHER,** a lady race-horse owner, is one of the daughters of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia. She looks romantic, but is not a Russian type of beauty, as she has fair, curly hair and very blue eyes. She has great charm and is a delightful person to talk to. She is sporting and at her best out of doors—one always imagines her in tweeds, shooting, playing golf, or driving a fast car. She has a good-looking and rich husband who owns several theatres among his many possessions. She is related to the Royal Family, and her sister is Lady Milford Haven. She has a house in London with a garden, a Ford car, several Rolls-Royces, one son and two daughters.

• **THE MASTER OF SEMPILL,** who has done so much for civil aviation, has published four books, all on flying, and says that his recreation is—"flying." He speaks quietly, thinks quickly, and is a most interesting person to meet. He started his engineering apprenticeship in 1910 and has worked strenuously ever since at aeronautics. When he speaks of flying his face lights up with interest and enthusiasm, although, in repose, he wears a slightly worried look. His hair has a habit of being ruffled, he is clean-shaven and good-looking. He is a kind person, and nothing is ever too much trouble for him to undertake it. He has an attractive wife, daughter of Sir John Lavery, and two daughters. He lives in Hampstead, flies from Hanworth, and has a house in Cornwall. He competed in the King's Cup Air Race seven years running.

• **MISS BABA BEATON,** who has just lately taken to a Victorian style of hairdressing, is a sister of the well-known Society photographer, Cecil Beaton. She is very pretty, in the real sense of the word, and should be painted on ivory and framed in jewels. She is very graceful, very gay, and very polite. She enjoys nearly everything, and is not too spoilt to say so, like some of her contemporaries. She likes publicity, and is honest enough to admit it. She has been in the limelight since her school-room days, and deservedly so. She and her sister, Nancy, have done their best to brighten and enliven the last few years of depression. She has a very sweet character and is generous-minded. She has lovely eyes, a rippling laugh, a sense of humour and many proposals of marriage.

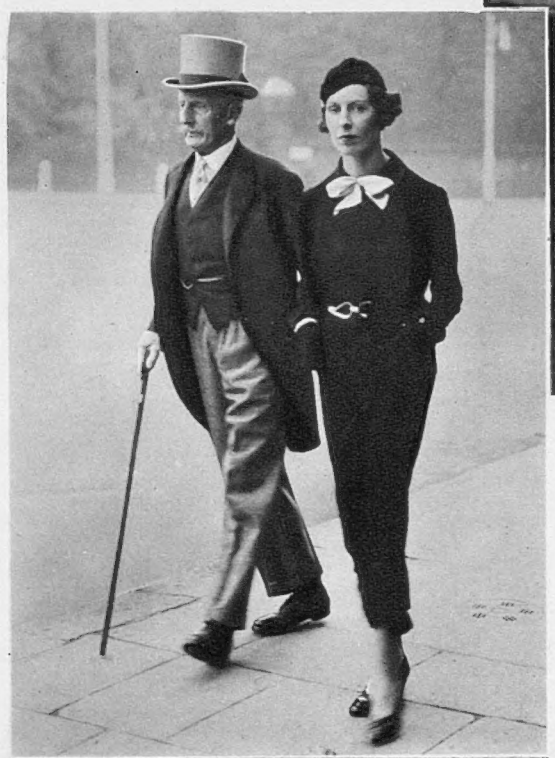
• **THE VISCOUNT HAILSHAM,** who attended His Majesty's Council last week, has one of the ablest brains in England to-day. He thinks extraordinarily quickly, and is impatient of slow people. He is always fired with an almost fanatical enthusiasm for anything he believes in, and carries an audience with him not only by his brilliant arguments, but by his tremendous vitality. He is charming to young people, and with true greatness finds no one beneath his consideration. He will, like Napoleon, take as much trouble when speaking to a nobody or a schoolboy as when addressing his peers. He is Secretary of State for War and Leader of the House of Lords. He has always been remarkably clever, and has had a most interesting career. He has two sons, a benign appearance, a very large head, and a charming wife.

"PETER PEPPER."

Round the Town

By Daylight and by Flashlight

Below: Princess Alphonse de Chimay and her father, Lord Ernest Hamilton, on their way to the reception, after the Lambton-Brand wedding, held at the Duke of Buccleuch's house, in Grosvenor Place



Above: Mr. and Mrs. James Roosevelt arriving at 10, Downing Street, to dine with the Prime Minister. Mr. Neville Chamberlain and other members of the Cabinet were at the dinner, to meet President Roosevelt's son

Right: Mr. Arthur Byron, the only son of the late Mr. Cecil Byron, and Miss Patricia Arbuthnot, Major and Mrs. Arbuthnot's daughter, after their wedding at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Miss Lyle and Lady Anne Hope, Lord and Lady Linlithgow's eldest daughter, going home to lunch after the Sunday morning parade in Hyde Park, which still exists in an unobtrusive sort of way

Mr. Fred Neilson, Mr. Dale Bourn, Mrs. Fred Neilson (Celia Glyn), and Miss Betty Chester at the bar of the Gaiety Theatre during the interval on the first night of "Ballerina." Mrs. Neilson has not returned to the stage since she married, but has done a certain amount of film work

Lady Victoria Haig, Sir Hugh Seely, and the Countess of Dalkeith walking round together at Berrymoss, Kelso, where the United Border Hunts held their autumn meeting

Another photograph at the United Border Hunts Meeting at Kelso; Miss Monica Lambton, her aunt, the Countess of Durham, and Lady Violet Baring, Lord Cromer's daughter

A Racing Reverie: By "Regular"

SEMINOLE'S Cesarewitch will be remembered as one of the most silent in history. You could have heard a pin drop on the Private Stand. The members had dropped a packet; they were in no mood to cheer.

LAST of four in a race at York only a week ago did not exactly inspire confidence. I understand Captain Boyd-Rochfort and his American patron, Mr. Widener, won a bundle; but, pleased as we were at their success, it did not help *us* any.

I HAVE watched the finish of a great number of Cesarewitches, but never have I seen a duller race; and, what makes it worse, having backed Statesman I hoped it would be a Duller one. (I shall get into a row for that, and I think I deserve it.)

NO ONE has any idea of what 's going on till they get near the Bushes. At that well-known landmark everything, bar Seminole and Loosestrife, was stone cold. They raced home together, and some way from home it was clear that Seminole would win, which he duly did. And that, my friends, is the last I shall have to say about the Cesarewitch. I shall endeavour to forget it, but Ladbroke's, Slowburn, and Jack Burns will send me repeated reminders.

I HAVE never seen more people at Newmarket, and it was great fun to welcome a number of Irregulars, even though their presence did clutter up the bar a bit, and their expensive motor-cars filled to overflowing the totally inadequate car parks.

THERE is more waste space at Newmarket than anywhere else in the world, so surely they might provide sufficient room to park everyone's car, even on Cesarewitch day. The Jockey Club, however, have always considered that a modicum of discomfort is inseparable from a day's enjoyment, and have gone on the lines that if everyone was comfortable, nobody would be happy.

A Dull Cesarewitch

AND now for the first day, which provided the best racing of the week. "Windy?" I'll say it was. Gordon said it almost blew Chatelaine on to Dastur, and in every race the runners seemed to be blown over towards the Stands side of the course.

If this sort of weather continues, jockeys, when questioned by the ever vigilant Major Weyland, or others of the Acting Stewards, as to why they didn't keep a straight course, will reply, "I was blown there."

WE shan't forget the race for the "Champion" in a hurry, and if Michael hadn't forced the game little Dastur up in the last stride to make a dead-heat of it, we should have had cause to remember it even longer.

I LAID two's on, and, in company with everyone else who took the trouble to climb to the top of the stand, I thought Chatelaine had won (more wind!), and I was tickled to death when the gentleman who helps Mr. Hancock stuck up a couple of noughts. Curiously enough, though, neither Gordon nor Michael would have been surprised if Dastur's number had gone up, so I expect Mr. Hancock was not far out in giving a dead-heat.

WHEN, having had my bet, I made my way to the paddock, I was struck by the rounded contours of Dastur, which reminded me of those of a dear one who has recently decided to knock off potatoes, sugar, bread and cream. If the race could be re-run next week I would gladly put all I possess on a less corpulent Dastur.

THIS great week did not start off too happily (I have yet to attend the Newmarket Meeting which did). My friend, Ralph Raphael, was good enough to tell me that his father fancied Hornsey Rise, a name which conjures up delightful memories of "Ally Pally." Unfortunately, Hornsey Rise was drawn over on the Cambridge side of the course, and not all the wind in the world could blow him over to the side where the races are won.

WE were then treated to one of those delicious specimens of Newmarket humour known as a Ditch Mile Nursery. These races serve no sort of useful purpose at all, except to walk off the effects of a heavy lunch and give you a whacking big thirst, when, footsore and weary, you eventually arrive back at the friendly shelter of the Night Club 'neath the Stands.

EVEN though you walk the best part of a mile in your endeavour to see what 's going on, don't run away with the idea that you will succeed. You will have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that you have done the right thing, and when I tell you that really smart people, like the Tuftons, always go down the course, you will realise how very chic it is down there.

ON this occasion the wind made it impossible to keep one's glasses still, so one saw nothing. However, the people who 'd stayed in the bar couldn't realise this, and when we got back we talked very big, about how and when Freddy Fox had made his effort, and as most people seemed to have backed Enfield, everyone was very pleased.

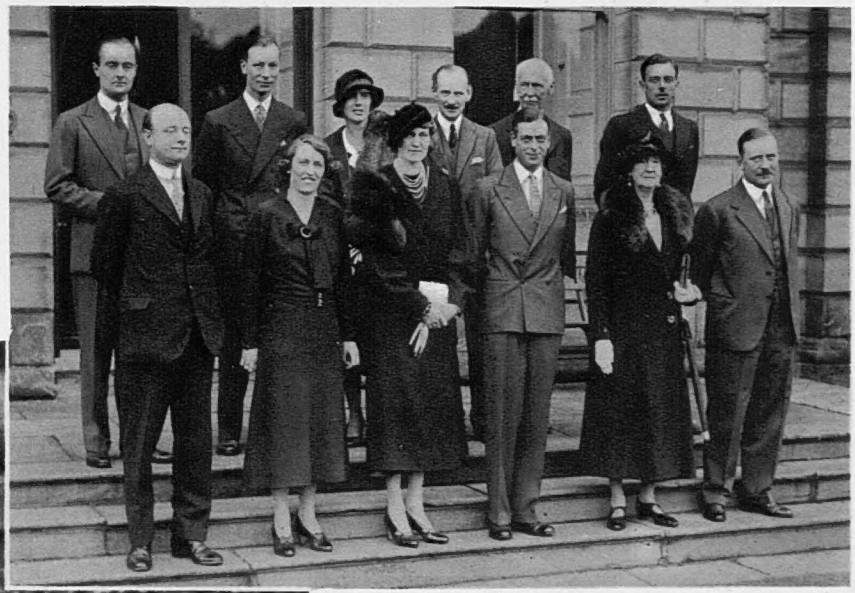
I DERIVE the greatest pleasure from my friendly tilts at the ring, my speculations having shown a profit this year; so, like the Village Blacksmith, I can look the whole ring in the face, as I owe not any man. (Unlike the time when I could only go near the rails on wet days, with an umbrella up.) No, I have nothing but praise for the courtesy of Mrs. Vernet and many of her male rivals, but I do think they did themselves a bad turn by being so stingy about Haytime. If they 'd let us lay 5-2 or 3-1 on they 'd have won a packet, As it was they asked for 4-1, so many people (and to his everlasting credit, Uncle Regular among them) turned round and backed Thauma.

Captain Sir John Forbes, R.E., of Newe, Aberdeenshire, and Miss Agnes Wilson-Farquharson, the elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. D. L. Wilson-Farquharson, of Allargue, Corgarff, Aberdeenshire, cutting their wedding-cake at the Lonach Hall, Strathdon, where the reception was held after their marriage

Brides and Grooms in Belfast and Edinburgh

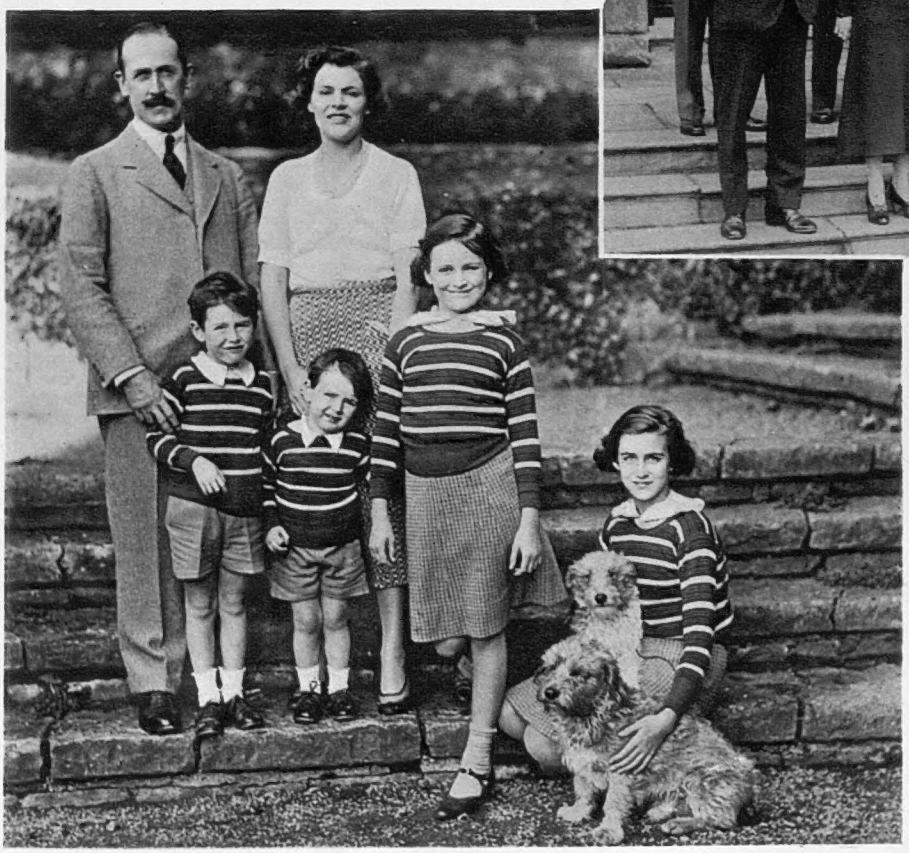
Above, left: Mr. Charles Rankin Scott, 60th Rifles, the youngest son of Mrs. J. H. Scott, of Eredine, Argyll, and Lady Elizabeth Meade, the Earl and Countess of Clanwilliam's younger daughter, leaving St. Anne's Cathedral, Belfast, where they were married by the Primate of All Ireland

Above, right: Mr. A. J. C. Rose, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, second son of the late Brig.-General J. L. Rose and Mrs. Rose, and Miss Alison Beveridge, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Beveridge, of Edinburgh, were married at St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, last week



Prince George in Northumberland

A group at Bywell Hall, where Prince George stayed with the Dowager Viscountess Allendale during his visit to Newcastle; in front, Viscount and Viscountess Allendale, the Duchess of Northumberland, Prince George, the Dowager Viscountess Allendale, and Lord Ravensworth; at the back, Mr. W. Williamson, Major Humphrey Butler, Lady Joan Joicey, Colonel the Hon. Hugh Joicey, Captain Fullerton James, and Captain Meller, the Prince's pilot



A Border Home-Coming

Left: the Earl and Countess of Minto and their children, Viscount Melgund, the Hon. Dominic Elliot, and Lady Willa and Lady Bridget Elliot, at Minto House, Hawick, where they have just returned, after a six months' trip to Canada. Lady Minto is a Canadian, the daughter of Mr. G. W. Cook, of Montreal

Social Geography

Weddings and Other Occasions in Three Countries

Left: Mr. Rollo Hoare, Lady Plunket, Lord Plunket, and Mrs. Gerald d'Erlanger went to see the Crazy Gang at the Palladium on their way to taking a view of "Les Girls"

Below: Mrs. Cecil Pim and Mr. Hylton Philipson were two more "first-nighters" at the Dorchester

Right: Viscountess Selby and the Hon. Brinsley Le Poer Trench watching the American lovelies with all their eyes

Below: Miss Baba Beaton's was among the "faces" that populated the Dorchester last Tuesday

Supper Faces

Welcoming "Les Girls" at the Dorchester

Above: Mr. Randolph Churchill and Lady Portarlington had their seats arranged musical-chairs style, but mainly because they were in different parties; Mr. Churchill was with three other men

Left: Mrs. Nigel Gunnis, Lady Brecknock and Mr. Nigel Gunnis studying the programme that set out the attractions of the visitors, who are officially known as the New York Midnight Follies

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Sketches of "Nymph Errant" by Rouson

"Nymph Errant" at the Adelphi

Gertrude Lawrence as Evangeline Edwards, the schoolgirl who decided to tour the world experimenting in love-affairs, but found the tour less exciting than she hoped

"Nymph Errant" (Adelphi)

WHAT the unco' guid will say to the straying Nymph who, try as she would, never actually went astray, and what the box office will say to a musical travelogue without a hero and a happy ending, Mr. Cochran and the Libraries must decide between them. For myself, sitting respectfully behind the entire élite of London, from the Duchess of A to Miss Fanny Ward, I found Gertrude Lawrence's triumphant progress from Lausanne dormitory to North Oxford garden (via a French plage, a Paris café, an 1830 Fête in Venice, some moonlit ruins in Athens, a bedroom in Smyrna, and a Turkish harem), a very expensive, sophisticated and thoroughly Cochranish affair.

If I complain that this musical comedy is a repetitive revue, with a plot in which nothing happens ("'nothing" being used in the dramatic as well as the darker sense), the answer is that revues don't need plots; that what matter are the music, the dresses, the dances, and the quick-change scenery; and that there is, after all, a Censor. Otherwise it might not have been thought necessary to make Evangeline's goings-on in Romney Brent's play the exact opposite of what befell her in James Laver's novel.

Anyway, there it is, one slap-up, tantalising scene after another, with wit and satire cocking dangerous snooks at the groundlings, no song-plugging, and all the Cochran satellites achieving the correct cachet in their respective departments. Doris Zinkeisen's dresses and décor are enchantingly gay and stylish; they have all the contemporary graces without putting on geographical airs. Cole Porter fits the cutest of lyrics to catchy, fashionable rhythms, and his anatomical ditty is a brilliant product of the rhyming and medical dictionaries. And the dancing by Eve and the Young Ladies—what there is of it—is thoroughly C.B., or O.K., it makes no difference.

Gertrude Lawrence, through what is virtually a solo flight, straddles the map with never a forced landing. Satire being a rare gift in sirens, a nymph without her sense of a wry joke would soon have found herself knee-deep in anti-climax. Miss Lawrence, with all her gamin tricks of aside, mockery and allurement, landed up in North Oxford as alive and kicking, in our estimation, as when we first viewed her.

For the rest of a lavish cast it is a case of quoting Gilbert: "When everybody's somebody then no one's anybody." But, in spite of the revolving stage, Norah Howard, Doris Carson, Morton Selten, Queenie Leonard, May Agate, Bruce Winston, Walter Crisham and Austin Trevor proved the ideal somebodies for the occasion.

If the nolens-volens joke showed signs of exhaustion before the end, the jaded playgoer had his compensations. "Les Belles Poitrines," for instance, in the burlesque rehearsal scene of a Paris revue; the régime of a harem of 365 wilting wives, presided over, in the absence of their lord and master at Geneva, by a Eunuch from Eton and Oxford; and the young American sanitary engineer who sang to the rescued nymph beneath a palm-tree a desert song about plumbing.

Josephine Baker (Prince Edward)

FIRST of all, this being "an entertainment in two contrasting parts," we had a long, laborious spell of Viennese ballet to the strains of Schubert, the Strauss trinity and others. This was called "The Triumph of the Waltz." As time wore on, I didn't think it was. Vienna, "city of joy, singing and dancing," never got me in its grip; but perhaps I like my ballet in shorter and more sophisticated doses. The contrast came right enough, when it did come, in the guise of Josephine Baker's banana-dance. This was very tropical, symbolic, barbaric and all that. The Parisians, I believe, get more of it. But Paris is different. There Miss Baker is known as "the idol of the Continent." Miss Baker strikes grotesque attitudes, sings the plaintive refrains of Harlem, and goes through an elaborate cabaret-cum-music-hall turn, supported by her own company and her own band. I suppose, to appraise a Continental idol at her true worth, you must see her in the appropriate atmosphere of her own temple.

TRINCULO.

Not a fancy-dress ball, but just a few of the men who almost became Evangeline's lovers. Constantine (David Burns), a Greek gentleman with an accent straight from Chicago. Morton Selten, as that old White Slaver, Count Mantalini. Austin Trevor, De Croissant, the French theatrical producer. Alexander Ivo, Alexei, a musician with the usual Russian suicide complex. Walter Crisham, a plumber with strictly honourable intentions, and Bruce Winston, Ali, late Oxford undergraduate and present keeper of the Harem. As a lover, Ali would have been unique

Birmingham is *so* Breezy. Thunder in

Mr. A. D. Ramsay: "The hour has not yet struck for a decision"

Mr. L. S. Amery remarking that "We are determined that India should remain within the Empire"

Mr. Stanley Baldwin here seen trying to work it all out

Sir Samuel Hoare, Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Lord Stonehaven do a little deep thinking

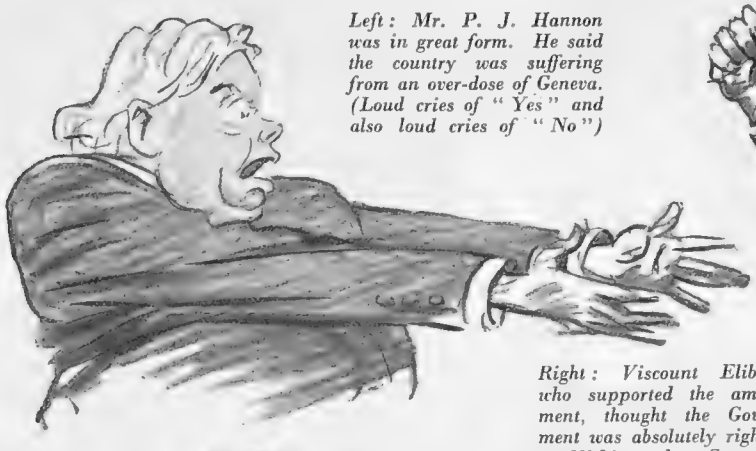
Left: Viscount Fitzalan said: "For God's sake, go slow, carefully and cautiously in supporting the resolution"

Right: Commander Locker - Lampson said he was very proud to have stood as protector over Professor Einstein

Mr. Winston Churchill holding himself back after luncheon

H. H. Harris's impressions of some of the speakers who took part in the Associations when the vexed

the Air at the Conservative Conference



Left: Mr. P. J. Hannon was in great form. He said the country was suffering from an over-dose of Geneva. (Loud cries of "Yes" and also loud cries of "No")

Right: Viscount Elibank, who supported the amendment, thought the Government was absolutely right in establishing the Committee

Sir Geoffrey Ellis, the Chairman, muffed the vote. He forgot to call for a show of hands from those against the amendment. A poll was demanded

Lord Lloyd, greeted with loud cheers, said: "India and the Empire are more to us than any Party"

Miss Regina Evans, who is the Chairman of the Women's Advisory Committee

The audience brightened up visibly when the striking figure of Mrs. Melville came in sight

Earl Howe, in a racy speech, felt increasingly the greatest possible anxiety with regard to the Indian question

Right: Mr. K. R. F. Steel-Maitland on behalf of the Oxford University Conservative Association, had a few interesting words to say to the roof of the Town Hall

Mr. E. L. Hardwick, of Ealing: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am not used to platform speaking, etc."

Annual Conference of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist question of India was discussed

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

Percy Weston

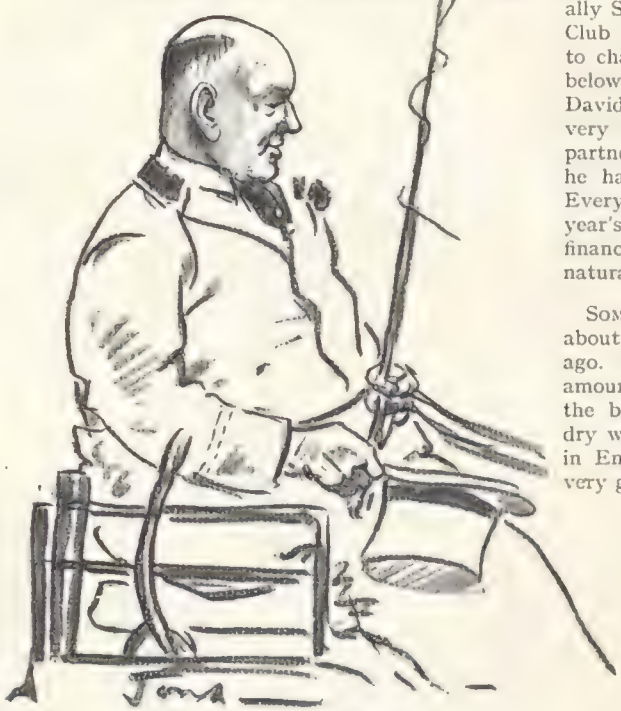
Looking back fifteen years

THE first open-House Saturday of the autumn wasn't more popular than might have been expected. The booing, when closing-time did come, was tremendous; listeners who are experts in Stock Exchange noises said they had seldom, if ever, heard louder. Judging by the volume of sound, it was hard to believe that any members at all were registering approval of Saturday opening by remaining silent. One member walked about during the morning with a list of the Committee, ticking off those present, and rumour said the list was to be published if there weren't enough ticks to satisfy him. R. B. Pearson, the Deputy-Chairman, was up, anyway. As a result of all the activity, work on Monday in some parts of the House was almost non-existent.

THE continued low bank rate recalls the days before the war, though the saying extant then that the bank rate and the birth rate varied in inverse ratio doesn't quite hold good now. There are many fewer fathers of large families in the House than there used to be. Percy Weston is one who helps on the average; he has got a family of eight. He was the only civilian who took a brigade on to the Rhine after the Armistice; he created this record at the head of the 122nd Brigade. He has a shy, reserved manner, is an eminent Freemason, and takes a great interest in the Stock Exchange War-Wounded Association.

ANOTHER father of many is Harry Bates. In spite of the Victorian size of his family, which includes several grandchildren, he has an almost neo-Georgian outlook on life. Several of his sons are in business with him, two of them being partners in his firm. It has been jokingly suggested that, under the town-planning scheme, a new suburb of Beckenham, called "Batesville," should be built, so near to one another do the various Bates families like to live.

FREDDIE BAILEY, who had ex-King Alfonso of Spain shooting with him at his place down in Wiltshire about ten days ago, has five children and might have been included in our series of family men, but he isn't seen in the House any more. He used to be a member, but resigned in order to be able to take an active part in shipping business. His wife is Lord Inchcape's sister, so his connection with the shipping world is a family one.



Percy Hamilton Hughes

Catches the Judge's eye

PERCY HAMILTON HUGHES, who is the subject of one of "Jonk's" drawings this week, is the last member of the House to be an active member of the coaching fraternity. He is a great enthusiast, has been coaching for nearly thirty years, and is "on the road" regularly during the season. He bought the original road-coach, Venture, which has been owned by such well-known coaching people as the late Willy Baron and the Fownes family. Mr. Hughes has driven it to victory from London to Hampton Court, as well as taking it out on the longer trips, London to Brighton, Margate, and elsewhere. He also owned the coach Tantivy, which gave him his nickname among his coaching colleagues. He is altogether a very "horsey" man, and includes judging at horse and agricultural shows among his activities. He is a J.P. for Surrey, with the reputation of being a very human magistrate, an Alderman of the Barnes Corporation, and a life-Governor of the Royal Hospital, Richmond.

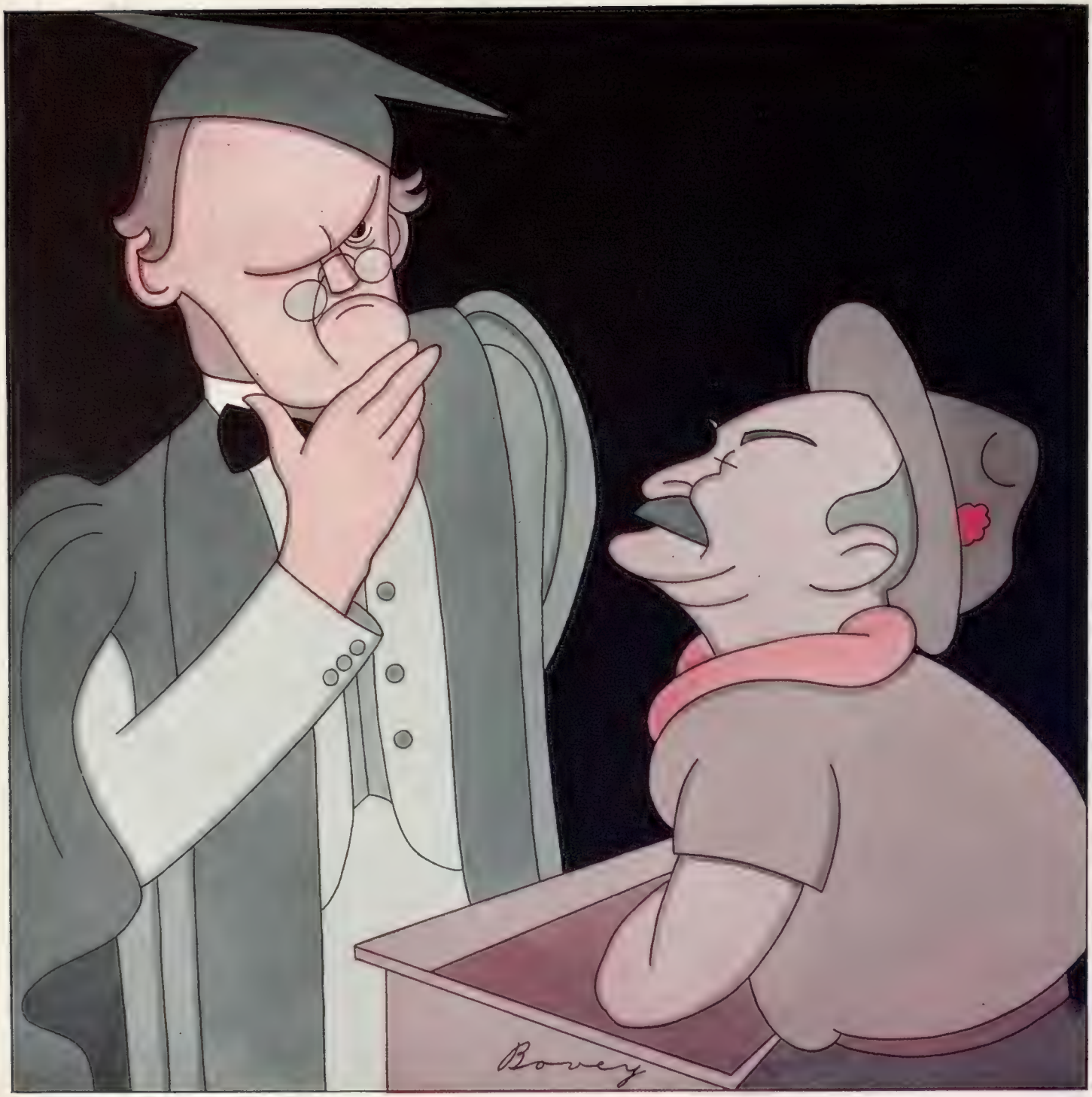
GORDON RICHARDS has had people as worked up in the House as he has everywhere else. "Satirist," who handles a lot of the local wagering, must have had to work overtime lately; his office has been crowded with anxious-eyed and feverishly-flushed tape-watchers. David Shaw-Kennedy, as the owner of Nitsichin, has been head-line news, of course. As a diversion from discussing Cesarewitch prospects, there was a re-hash of the argument about the Doncaster Cup—how deplorable a performance it was for Nitsichin and Colorado Kid to amble so slowly round the course, and how a repetition could be avoided. No one had any good suggestion for this last, except a typically Saturday-morning one, that the Jockey Club should appoint a new sort of official to chase the runners round at a speed not below a set minimum of miles per hour! David Shaw-Kennedy is young, quiet, and very charming; he has just been made a partner in his firm, for which, up till now, he has been working on half-commission. Everyone was sorry he didn't repeat his last year's success, and a good many people were financially regretful, too, as Nitsichin had, naturally, been well backed in the House.

SOME belated holiday news is to hand about "Tarzan," who came back not long ago. While he was away, a considerable amount of fruit was reported missing from the banana-store at Whipsnade. But the dry weather has caused a bad banana year in England, so he probably didn't have a very good holiday anyway.

Harry Bates

In one of his favourite rôles

MIN-X
HILLMAN MINX
SALOON
£159
C.F.H.



Delirious Dialogues: No. 29. Will Hay and Lord Baden-Powell

Written and Depicted by Bovey

Will Hay: *Pay attention, boys. No star-gazing. Ah, I see we have a new pupil. Welcome to St. Michael's. You're a Boy Scout, are you not? Where did you spend your summer camp?*

B.-P.: *Ware.*

W. H.: *That is precisely what I am asking you. Where did you spend it?*

B.-P.: *Ware.*

W. H.: *Don't keep saying "where." That's what you've got to tell me. I think we had better go on with the lessons. Now, tell me, who invented the steam-engine?*

B.-P.: *Watt.*

W. H.: *The steam-engine. Who invented it?*

B.-P.: *Watt.*

W. H.: *I wish you wouldn't keep saying "what." I want you to answer my questions. We will pass on to the geography lesson. Name a tributary of the River Severn.*

B.-P.: *Wye.*

W. H.: *Never mind why. Name a tributary.*

B.-P.: *Wye.*

W. H.: *This is impossible. You had better have a scholarship and go on to another school. What is your name?*

B.-P.: *Lord Baden-Powell.*

W. H.: *Good Lord! Sorry, my Lord!*

The Passing Picture Show

Adjectives for All

By Sydney Tremayne

EACH of the most famous film-actresses has been labelled; her appearance in a picture invariably calls forth a certain epithet, or series of epithets, hallowed by critical—or uncritical!—repetition, which is at least a tribute to distinctiveness and sets these ladies apart from the troupe of blonde "featured players," modelled on the Bennett pattern, who are so difficult to tell one from another.

Greta Garbo is always described as "that strange, exotic genius"—though how she came by the "exotic" it is difficult to say, since she hails from the North and her private life is reputedly austere. No one has any doubt about Janet Gaynor being wistful and appealing. *Adorable*, the picture in which she drops the Cinderella phase and goes all Princessish opposite Henry Garat, is still being shown in London. Then there is Kay Francis; her sophistication and elegance are what the critics stress, but her publicists venture to go much farther. An announcement of the general release of *The Keyhole* speaks of her "dark-eyed, mysterious, haunting loveliness, which sheds a fascinating brilliance . . ."!

Two scenes from "I Loved a Woman," which features Edward G. Robinson and Kay Francis, and which contains, to quote the description provided by the publicity gentleman, "everything you expect to happen when the screen's man of thunder wraps his arms around the screen's woman of fire." Above, the man of thunder has a word or two with Genevieve Tobin, and, on the left, Kay Francis, a gold-digger of the naughty 'nineties, does the same with George Blackburn

"*I Loved a Woman*"

KAY FRANCIS is very prevalent at the moment. *Cynara*, in which she plays with Ronald Colman, is being shown at a number of theatres, and her new picture, with Edward G. Robinson, is *I Loved a Woman*. This film adopts the prevalent habit of reminiscing in celluloid. In it Robinson has a typical part as the heir to a Chicagoan meat-packing business, and carries the character through from idealistic youth, ruthless and successful ambition, to failure and age. He has an extraordinary force of his own, and is best in the more flamboyant moments. Kay Francis's part is an unusual one for her: she is the meat-king's ambitious mistress—a gold-digger of the 'nineties—and that she does deserve her "elegance" label is proved by the fact that she imparts distinction to the clothes and hair-dressing of the last century. But *Cavalcade* has much to answer for!

"*Morning Glory*"

To return to the consideration of adjectival convention, there is one word which belongs indisputably to Marlene Dietrich, and that is "glamorous." It was, therefore, almost a shock—as if a disloyalty had been perpetrated—to find this adjective applied to Katherine Hepburn. It is a mistake. She is a great many interesting things, even, I believe, a great actress, but she is not glamorous. It must have been the glittering sequin dress in the last scenes of *Morning Glory* which deceived the critic.

Katherine Hepburn is the bright, almost dazzling light on Hollywood's horizon. When she was first seen in *Bill of Divorcement* and for the second time in *Christopher Strong* (which is now at the Rialto), it seemed to be decided to describe her as "dynamic" and "unusual." Both words are applicable. There have, too, been murmurs of the word "genius." While ignoring the suggestions that she is a Bernhardt-Duse-Garbo all rolled into one, let us admit that she is a very extraordinary girl, a new and exciting personality, definitely and bravely histrionic, with occasional gaucheries and technical deficiencies, but perfectly capable of taking the exceptional opportunities given her in *Morning Glory* and dominating a picture in which such an indomitable personality as Adolphe Menjou plays with her, Mary Duncan, a revelation of coiffurial art and flashy femininity, plays against her, and young Fairbanks has a sympathetic part not worthy of his talent.

You will be able to see *Morning Glory* in a few days. It is the story of a girl who tries to "crash" the New York stage by means of illimitable confidence in her own genius, inexhaustible chatter, and an infatuate admiration for a famous producer. She fails in the first, comes near to tragedy in the last, and eventually has her chance and her triumph. The picture ends on the warning note of the title: she must not let her instant success prove as ephemeral as "morning glory." An old story, but so vividly and pictorially retold, with such sharply outlined characterisation, that it loses its banality.

"*Double Harness*"

ANNE HARDING is another actress with an acknowledged and recognisable personality—the exemplification of womanliness and a certain "sweet reasonableness," with a hint of domesticity about her, possibly due to the simple hair-dressing and rather dull clothes she affects. She is surely miscast in *Double Harness* as a scheming hussy who tricks a rich man into marrying her by arranging for the advent of her father at a compromising moment. The rest of the story is about her ambitions for him, his revulsion when he discovers that he has been trapped, and then the final, arbitrary happy ending. William Powell, as the husband, does not seem to find anything to "get his teeth into" in the part. He can do good character-work and this is not a character, merely a perambulating dummy. Neither he nor Anne Harding appears convinced, or convincing, in *Double Harness*. Reginald Owen, who was once romantic at His Majesty's, an all-glorious St. George in *Where the Rainbow Ends* (of which he is part-author), and brilliant in Maugham's cynical comedy, *Our Betters*, attracts attention and gets laughs in a secondary part, which proves that experience on the English stage has its uses.

Westminster

Liverpool, Southport

Sketches by David Wilson

LIVERPOOL is not, as some people may imagine, merely an overgrown suburb of Aintree and Knowsley. True that it is the racecourse which attracts the greatest number of visitors to the city every year; and that the fame and fortune of the city have grown side by side with the fame and fortune of the house of Derby; but it was made a borough in 1207, and sent its representatives to Parliament first in 1295.

THREE hundred years divide them, but two of its Members have been the most celebrated Lord Chancellors of their time, and though the Earl who took his title from the town would be forgotten now if his character and administration did not so closely resemble Mr. Baldwin's, he was actually Prime Minister for a longer period of office than anyone except Walpole and Pitt.

DOWN to the present day, famous figures have continued to illustrate the city's progress. The first Lord Birkenhead; Sir Robert Houston, whose widow is prepared, if Britannia shirks her duty, to do it for her; Mr. "Tay Pay" O'Connor, who, to the day of his death, called himself a Nationalist when everyone else had forgotten what it meant, and certainly he meant by it something very different from what it means in politics to-day; Sir Leslie Scott, Sir Edward Marshall Hall; may I add Mr. Montagu Norman, who, on his trans-Atlantic trips invariably performs one of his disappearing tricks somewhere about the docks?

AFTER Birmingham, Liverpool is the principal Tory stronghold in the kingdom. There has never been anything to compare with the Chamberlain tradition there, but the Derby influence has always been supreme, and remains, though somewhat diluted, an anachronism in a modern democracy. The Party can usually reckon, even in an unfavourable election, on a majority of Conservative Members being returned. In 1931 ten out of the eleven seats were theirs.

MR. LOGAN, who came into the Scotland Division when Mr. O'Connor died, is the solitary Socialist. He has a poor opinion of the House of Commons—"this place of senile decay," he calls it. But he does his best to keep it alive; he goes in for plain speaking, and not without success. When he remarked that "ambiguity seems the order of the day," he drew a sympathetic cheer from the supporters of Mr. MacDonald, as well as from his own side.

MR. JACK HAYES, who must be tired of reading of himself as Labour's policeman M.P., especially as in the last Labour Government he was Vice-Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household (which sounds much better), was making a safe seat for himself at Edge Hill until the last election, when Sir John Rutherford turned him out. Mr. Hayes began by holding the seat against Mr. Oliver Stanley, then a tyro; but it was no mean achievement. Mr. Stanley didn't fight again; he went away to Westmorland.

SIR JOHN RUTHERFORD made a good maiden speech on the slums. Mr. Rankin, who won Kirkdale for the Conservatives in 1931, having lost it for them in 1929, when his turn came, said he could only speak from the view of the over-burdened taxpayer. Well, there is no better view than that; but he made the mistake of going on to pin up constructive suggestions. That's not the thing for the rank and file to do.

MR. STANLEY'S Parliamentary Private Secretary, Mr. Buchan-Hepburn, sits for East Toxteth. It is a pity he has to suffer from the self-denying ordinance of silence, for he denies us into the bargain. He speaks well. Once he was one of Mr. Churchill's young men, but those days have been forgotten. Mr. Buchan-Hepburn is ambitious, and cautious. He is treading the conventional lines of advance. "He who is not with us is against us," he cried, with surprising originality, to his electors in 1931; but as he also deplored "the stalemate of Party tactics," we may only guess who "us" is.

ONE of Mr. Buchan-Hepburn's predecessors was the Mr. Austin Taylor

Whispers: *Round the Constituencies: No. 12.*

and Blackpool: By "BIG BEN" on Tour

whose conversion to Liberalism from Conservatism after the 1906 election, described by Lord Birkenhead as "an opportune dive," is only rivalled by Sir William Jowitt's volte-face in 1929. Lord Birkenhead sat first for Walton, where Sir Warden Chilcott, the archpriest of the National complex, followed him, and then for West Derby. His brother, Sir Harold Smith, who left Warrington to represent Wavertree in 1922, was defeated in 1923, at the same time as Sir Reginald Hall lost West Derby.

MR. NALL-CAIN is in possession at Wavertree now, and Mr. Purbrick at Walton. Mr. Nall-Cain is another original man, like Mr. Buchan-Hepburn. He actually said in his maiden speech that "no avenue should be left unexplored." But then he is a first-class golfer; and one day he will have to go to the House of Lords. His father is Lord Brocket.

MR. PURBRICK comes from Australia; Mr. Brocklebank assures us that his family have been connected with Liverpool for a hundred years; Mr. Clyde Wilson is a Merseyside man. But no one rivals Sir John Sandeman Allen, who has sat for West Derby since 1924. There is no activity of the city's life he has not taken part in. His local experience is unique. Colonel Shute is not a bad second to him. He came into the House in January last for the Exchange Division, when Sir John Reynolds died.

MR. HORNBY has a line to himself. He is Chairman of Meccano.

NOT the least of Southport's distinctions is that Lord Curzon was its Member from 1886 until 1898, when he went out as Viceroy. Rather different was Sir Edward Marshall Hall, who sat for the place from 1900 to 1906.

IN 1910 Sir Godfrey Dalrymple White appeared on the scene, and he stayed there in the forefront of the picture until 1923, when he retired. The Conservatives promptly lost the seat, and Sir Godfrey had to be recalled to win it back for them. He did finally give up in 1931, and Mr. Robert Hudson, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour, had the good fortune to succeed him. Mr. Hudson used to sit for Whitehaven. When he was defeated in 1929, he didn't give them a second chance. But they gave him a silver flask. He may need it in the coming session. Mr. Hudson will be on trial.

HE is forty-seven, one of the young men of promise. He began by making a name for himself in attacking his own Party. He hasn't lost his independence by accepting office. He advised some schoolboys the other day to acquire the habit of thinking for themselves.

BLACKPOOL was a County Division until 1918; and from 1906 was represented by Lord Mount Temple, then Colonel Ashley. It has had a succession of Members since. Mr. Edgar Wallace did his best with it in 1931, but the town preferred the perhaps less adventuresome Captain Erskine-Bolst, late Black Watch, and gave him a majority of over thirty thousand. Captain Erskine-Bolst believes in things like the League of Nations and the United Kingdom and the United States working hand-in-hand; but he is quite ready also to protest against charging entertainment duty to the poor people of Blackpool who go to their Baths to watch the fun. His most definite declaration of policy has been: "I am not a food-taxer." Fortunately for him, man doesn't live by bread alone.

Next Week:
Leeds, Halifax, Bradford and Huddersfield

Post-Wedding Celebrations

The Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Eliot Entertain

Above: Lady Moon, Dr. MacBride, Mr. H. O. M. Shaw, and Miss Abbott, Lady Moon's sister, at the six-to-eight party given by the Arthur Eliots' to celebrate their wedding, and as a home-warming party

Right: Baroness de Stempel and Miss Joy Beaumont, Mrs. Walter Dunkels' daughter, arriving at 67, Portland Place, the happy pair's home

Above: Mrs. Walter Dunkels and Countess Stomm cheerfully drinking cocktails

Below: another quartette of guests at the party were Mrs. Donald Snow, Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. Roy Royston, and Sir Robert Throckmorton

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Saxon Mills were two more guests. Mrs. Mills is better known as Dodo Watts, the name under which she appears on the stage

Below: the host talking to Mr. Nichols, Mr. Steve Donoghue, and the Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan. The Hon. Arthur Eliot and Mrs. Brownlee were married about three weeks ago

"Albert, didn't I tell you not to play with things?"

• STANDING • BY . . .

A Weekly Commentary on This and That

By "THE BYSTANDERS"

IF we were girl novelists we 'd call this piece "That Very Sin," because it 's all about ambition. We had an idea that everyone 's got a secret ambition, so we made an investigation and discovered that we were right. We started off by asking a British film-star what hers was. She told us she would die happy if she ever saw herself quoted in the *Observer's* "Sayings of the Week." An editor we sometimes go around with wants to climb Mount Everest; but he 's got flat feet so we suggested he 'd do better to pay a dollar and take the lift to the top of Empire State. Another girl we come across occasionally wants to drink five litres of lager beer in Harry's New York bar, Paris, faster than it 's been done before; present record (when we were last there) being 18⅗ seconds. We told her it was nice to have ambitions you couldn't fulfil. No, we 're too old to have any ambitions, but it gladdened our cynical old hearts to meet a man who wanted to be a journalist; handed us a laugh, too.

WE flew to Brussels last week, because we had a cold in the head and flying is the best cure for a cold in the head we know. What we did in Brussels was pretty dull, so we 've decided to make reference only to the aeroplane which took us there, aeroplane being British, consequently slow but safe. Peeking around, we spied a notice to which we give this week's prize for tact. Flying fans will agree with us when we say that in the roof of aeroplane cabins is a round hole covered by canvas, through which, in the event of a bad crash, any living passengers are supposed to scramble, first pulling a tape which tears off the canvas. The whole to be used only if the doors are smashed; and there 's no other exit. All right, wait a minute, can't you? We 're coming to the point as quick as may be.

Notice in the roof referring to the crash exit warns passengers not to pull the tape until the aeroplane has "alighted." Next time we write a piece about a man who falls from a high window, we shall refer to him as having "alighted" on the pavement. . . . No, we 're not going to tell you what we did in Brussels.

WE lunched last week with a man in the Foreign Office who told us that he gets to work at eleven in the morning (*a*) because the F.O. doesn't open until then and (*b*) because he likes to play a game of squash first and have a swim. Knowing that the world is swaying like a man who 's drunk too much smoke—we 'll tell you what smoke is another time—we suggested that it might be a good thing if the Foreign Office started work earlier in the day: man said no; it would be setting an unhealthy precedent. When we asked him why work didn't start until eleven, he told us; and we pass the information on to you. It 's like this. There was a time when the mails from France didn't reach London until eleven in the morning, the train not having then been invented. Its common usage has passed unnoticed in Whitehall. That there is actually a train from Dover to London is a fact we hand exclusively to Sir John Simon: our friend being doubtful on that point.

THE planning of industry to meet modern conditions (no, it 's not a party) has occupied our attention recently, so we called round at a meeting, due to be addressed by a distribution magnate. We followed his words with some of the closest attention with which we 've ever followed anything. Modern business, we gather, thinks money 's the bunk: it 's simply a mixture of economics to which a dash of philosophy has been added,

Walter Bird

Pamela Carme

Who is appearing in "A Sleeping Clergyman," at the Piccadilly Theatre. In private life she is the Hon. Pamela Boscawen and the sister of Lord Falmouth

Swaebe

Countess de Pret, Miss Diana Carlos Clarke, Major Carlos Clarke, and Mr. Sandy Clarke supping at the Café de Paris

for all the world as though it were absinthe. Henceforth, in our home, at any rate, one firm is to be known as Karl Marks and Herbert Spencer. Yes, we know it 's spelt wrong, but read it aloud to the family and see how you feel then. We 're feeling pretty good.

SINCE writing an earlier passage about Brussels we 've changed our mind about keeping you in the dark. We 've changed it because we get into trouble if we don't deliver 1400 words every week, and we can't think of anything else to say, having given a fair exhibition of the anchorite during the last five days.

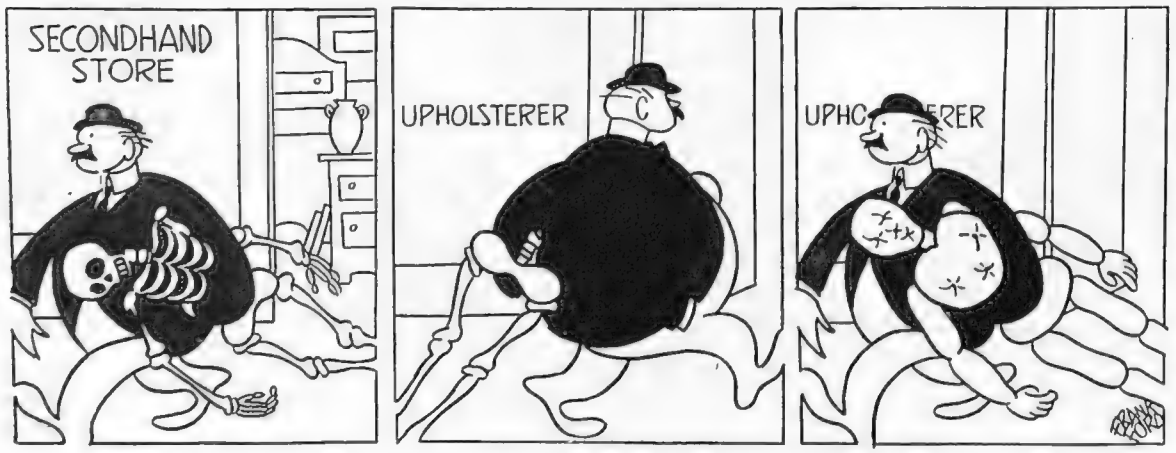
While stalking around the Belgian capital [advt.], a friend took us to a wine-cellar belonging to the largest Belgian exporter. In the cellar we saw six million bottles of champagne, all consigned to the States. On the outside of each case were stencilled these magic words : " To Be Sold Only on Production of a Medical Certificate."

WE dined with three novelists the other night at the Café Royal. Novelists, if they 're worth their salt, have unhealthy minds. Those we dined with were worth the whole cruet, talk turning on Freud before we 'd reached the poached turbot, one of the novelists having borrowed five volumes of the knowing old gentleman's works from the London Library. We were intrigued to learn that a small slip inserted in each volume requested the casual borrower to return these particular works to the librarian " personally." We like that delicacy. Our own experience of Freud might be deeper. We bought two volumes of his works in Toulon once, intending to study them when we returned, the following day, to our home on the Island of Porquerolles. We clutched them pretty firmly as we stepped on board the launch which was to transport us from the mainland, but the weather was too much for us once we reached the open sea. We rushed for the side, regretting the previous night's wild party, and in that forgetful moment dropped Freud overboard. Later, there was an unusual plethora of small fishes in that part of the Mediterranean, but we, for one, decline to see any connection between the two. It 's a matter of indifference to us what you see.

Werner Krauss, the famous German actor, and Peggy Ashcroft in a scene from Hauptman's play, " Before Sunset," at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Krauss takes the part of an elderly man who infuriates his family by wishing to marry as his second wife the young girl seen above

OUR files on absent-mindedness have been empty for so long that we were glad to meet a man from Ceylon the other day who 'd had a bad attack. After twenty years in the

A scene from " Nymph Lawrence, Iris Ashley and



Miss Vivian Baker, Mr. Peter Adam, Miss Mary Christian, Mr. John and Miss Beatrice Baker, another party which has been seen lately at the Café de Paris

THESPÆANS

No. 3.—Cedric Hardwicke

THOUGH Cedric Hardwicke's far from old,
He never plays a dashing, bold
Young hero who with grace entwines
His manly arms round heroines,
Whilst pit and gallery both rave
About his hair's attractive wave.
(Indeed, it can with truth be said
There 's little thatch upon his head.)
But though he may be minus mane,
He certainly has LOTS of brain.

To see him as some countryman,
Who 's an octogenarian,
Indulging in a Devon frolic
That 's quite Phillpottily bucolic
Is proof enough he cannot err
In studies of broad character.
Whilst he 's as good in plays whose length
Is equalled only by their strength,
For with him very few can vie
As villains of the deepest dye.

But since the parts he now plays show
Us men who 're rheumy, old and slow,
When thirty years or so roll by
And he is not so fit and spry,
I hope the chance will still be ours
To note his brilliant make-up powers;
And so, I 'm longing for the day
When the dramatic critics say
That " Cedric Hardwicke is a joy
As dear Little Lord Fauntleroy " ! B. W.

William Davis

Rosita Forbes and Mme. de Bonneuil, the first two women to travel the Lybian Desert, seen above, with the former showing her portrait by a Belgian artist, as Sitt Khadija, that being the name under which she crossed the desert

tea business, he sold out and decided to come home and enjoy himself, a subject on which he had ideas that commended themselves to us. After twenty years' residence, the man had attained a position where his name was found on committee lists pretty nearly every place, man being conscientious and glad to do his duty. Before leaving, he wrote scores (yes, literally) of letters resigning his various offices in clubs, charities, and all the rest of it; finally leaving the island with a certainty of duty well done, and properly discharged. But the demon absent-mindedness had got him by the short hairs; and from Colombo to Aden he was haunted by the shadow of having left undone some thing that he ought to have done. At Suez the truth burst on him while he was bathing. He 'd forgotten to resign his office as president of an up-country village Volleyball club. The cable which he then sent cost him so much he 's not likely to forget anything again. We forgot to ask him what volleyball is, but we don't think it matters much.

Sasha

Catherine Lacey, who plays the part of the Marchesa de Cibo in Ernest Milton's production of that romantic costume thriller, " Night's Candles," at the Queen's Theatre

Guttenburg, Ltd.

Errant," at the Adelphi Theatre, showing Gertrude Austin Trevor grouped together on the Neauville Plage

THE drama has never given us much of a kick, but we realised last week, while supping with a friend who has a beard, that radio-drama is most important. Our friend is responsible for its production at the B.B.C., and though we say it as shouldn't, there 's no one else who could assume that responsibility half so well or so tactfully. Friend, whose name is Val Gielgud, tells us that he reads hundreds of submitted radio plays every year, and would give his eyes to get even a few good ones. Radio drama requires a special technique in writing, a compound of simplicity and common-sense, which anyone who listens intelligently to radio plays can acquire. Our friend reads all plays sent to him and sometimes thinks his heart will break because so many are hopeless. THE BYSTANDERS.

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Mainly London Welsh

SOMEONE remarked to me the other day that this Rugby football season seems to lack vitality. He was, indeed, more positive than that. "It 's dead," he said, "and damnably dull." Well, well—a sour fellow, and yet I 'm bound to admit that I understand his plaint, even if I cannot altogether agree with it. I don't quite know how to explain it ; we 've had some amusing club games, and yet the season doesn't sparkle.

Maybe we need a nip of winter in the air to give us the feel of Rugby football ; the summer is unconscionably long a-dying, and it seems wrong somehow to be chasing the oval ball with the thermometer way up in the seventies. Still, that can only be a subsidiary reason ; there must be some other way of accounting for the fact that spectators, in London, at any rate, have been so scarce. I flushed a covey at Twickenham, it is true—the cover is good there, and numbers are deceptive—but on a golden afternoon at Herne Hill, when the London Welsh played Richmond, a mere five hundred people assembled. That is barely a quorum ; perhaps the name Herne Hill has such a rural ring about it that spectators will not face the journey. They may even imagine that it is a mountainous region in the hinterland of Herne Bay. Actually, it lies eight minutes south of Victoria Station, and the traveller need not anticipate undue dangers or fatigues.

Seriously, though, the London Welsh should have a big following. They play attractive football against good sides, and yet I am told that five hundred is a large gate. This is strange. Are we to assume that club football is losing its hold in the London area ? Is the Londoner so blasé that only International matches will lure him from his fireside or his cinema ? A depressing chain of thought ; against it I have to set the news that in South Africa they have decided to cancel all International engagements for the next five years in order that they may concentrate on the club game.

THAT is, to my mind, the right spirit. I wish we could do something of the sort here : at present we have a couple of months when the clubs hold the stage, and then we are distracted by Trial matches, Internationals, County and Services championships, and what not. And we think in terms of representative football—only the other day I heard of a promising young back-row forward who did not wish to pack in the front row for his club for fear that the English Selectors would overlook him. And that is the wrong spirit, or so it seems to me.

LET us take a look at the clubs, then, and first of all the London Welsh and Richmond. These London Welshmen are a useful lot, and I hear that the burly Sergeant Boast, that powerful Army forward, hopes to play for them now and again. When W. C. Powell has recovered from the injury to his hand, the London Welsh will be a difficult side to beat, with H. M. Bowcott at stand-off half, T. E. Jones-Davies and A. E. Brookes in the centre, and Ray Thomas on the right wing. Thomas has not yet played for Wales, but when I saw him the other day he impressed me as a really dangerous attacking wing three-quarter. Brookes, by the way, turned out several times for Oxford, but missed his Blue : he is a decidedly lively centre. The Welshmen depend upon sound scrummaging, and midfield speed and thrust : Richmond, on the other hand, employ sledge-hammer tactics. I would hesitate to call Richmond a clever side, but they are an effective one ; with enthusiasm, generated largely by C. Hopwood, and its attendant virtues of keen following and hard tackling, they are liable to throw any opponents into confusion. The assault-and-battery strategy of teams like Richmond, the London Scottish, and the Wasps has much to commend it, and is mighty difficult to counter. It can, indeed, only be countered successfully by extreme guile : by allowing the rampaging forwards to rampage themselves to a standstill ; by controlled scrummaging, clever footwork, quick heeling at appropriate moments, judicious kicking, and combined movements made unexpectedly against a tangled defence. So often, though, opposing teams allow themselves to be drawn into a straightforward scrap ; and there they come to grief.

BUT how about the provincial sides ? I am told that B. C. Gadney has thickened out enormously, and that his breaks from the scrummage are, in consequence, more powerful than ever. I hear also that Eric Coles, of Northampton, veteran back-row forward, emerged from retirement to prove that D. Meadows, the Gloucester stand-off half, still has to learn how to defeat the bottling-up process. And which is the best side in the country ? A strong case can be made out for Gloucester, though Northampton run them close ; Bedford have done remarkably well ; the Harlequins are dangerous, though a little uncertain. If a challenge match were to be played, however, between representative English and Welsh clubs, my money just now would be upon Llanelly.

London Welsh v. Richmond, at Herne Hill

The London Welsh Team : W. C. Powell, H. Evans, A. E. Brookes, T. E. Jones-Davies, Ray Thomas, J. E. Bowcott, H. M. Bowcott, W. A. V. Thomas, I. Evans, K. Jones, E. Martin, P. E. Gibbons (Capt.), F. A. Instone, C. Treharne, and T. Baverstock

The Richmond Team : R. McKeen, H. F. Mermagen, H. P. Crabtree, F. Palmer, W. A. H. Chapman, P. L. Candler, G. R. A. Elmie, G. E. S. Williams, J. B. H. Kealy, A. D. Wigan, J. H. Bowman, C. R. Hopwood (Capt.), C. L. Ashford, M. F. Peacock, and L. A. Styles

"Rings on their Fingers"

An Autumn Engagement Selection

Miss Olivia Jeans

Miss Flora Fermor-Hesketh

Miss Laura Charteris

Countess Resy de Baillet Latour

Miss Barbara Liddell

Miss Angela Brett

Miss Eleanor Wendell

ONLY Miss Laura Charteris, of the brides-to-be on this page, has announced the date of her wedding: she is to be married to Viscount Long of Wraxall, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on November 14th. Miss Olivia Jeans, Sir James and Lady Jeans' only daughter, is engaged to Mr. John de Rosier Kent, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Kent, and Miss Barbara Liddell, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Liddell, live at Dinard, is to marry Mr. Peter Martineau, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. William Martineau, of Kincraig. Miss Flora Fermor-Hesketh, second daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Fermor-Hesketh, announced her engagement to Lord Revelstoke's only son, the Hon. Rupert Baring, in September; her brother, Mr. T. S. Fermor-Hesketh, and Miss Eleanor Wendell, sister of Lady Carnarvon and Lady Galloway, have been engaged since the summer. Another September announcement was that of Countess Resy de Baillet Latour, the only daughter of Count and Countess de Baillet Latour, who is going to marry Mr. Harold Peake, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Peake, of Bawtry Hall, Doncaster; she and her fiancé are both flying experts. Lastly, there is Miss Angela Brett, daughter of the Hon. Maurice and Mrs. Brett (Zena Dare), who announced her engagement to Mr. Kenneth Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Thornton's younger son, two weeks ago

Photographs by Bassano, Lenare, Yevonde, Hay Wrightson, and Bertram Park

Nymph Errantry

The Adelphi First Night

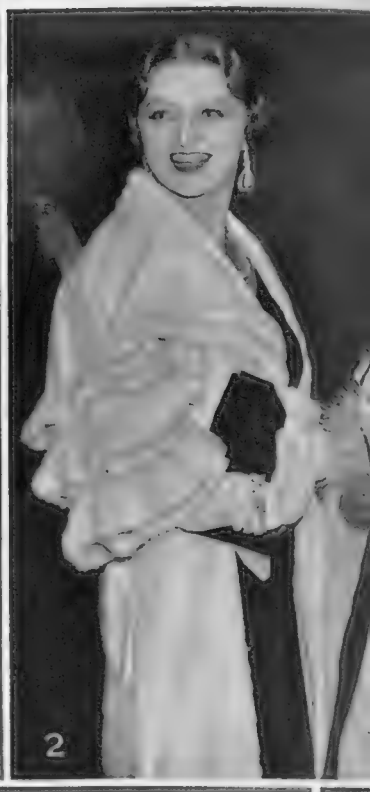
1. Mr. James Laver, the author of "Nymph Errant," arriving with his wife, Veronica Turleigh

2. Mrs. Claude Leigh and Princess Aspasia of Greece standing in the foyer before the curtain went up

3. Miss Elsa Maxwell tells Mrs. Archie Campbell what she thought of the first part of the show

4. Mr. C. B. Cochran makes a first-night quip for Mrs. J. B. Paget and Miss Winifred Paget

5. The Nymph receives a plaudit in her dressing-room: Noel Coward congratulating Gertrude Lawrence on her brilliant and witty performance



"Darling, you were Wonderful!"

Mr. Cecil Beaton, Mr. Vreeland, Baba Beaton, and Mrs. Land uttering pros and cons

The two Fairbanks, Douglas and Junior, were almost ed by the crowd in the Strand

More arrivals at the Adelphi, h was packed as full as it be: Lord and Lady Greenwood

Mrs. Lawrence, Gertrude Law- 's mother, went to the first night

Mrs. Edward Baron and Mrs. Marks got clear of the d in the interval for a moment

Among the first-night regulars he stalls were Sir John Lavery, Cunard, and Lady Lavery

The Marquess and Marchioness arisbrooke were among the wise experienced ones who remained efully seated during the interval

Mr. Somerset Maugham was another of the celebrities who there; he is with Mrs. Bach

Star-Rise In "Morning Glory"

Katharine Hepburn's New Film

Katharine Hepburn is, without question, the star of 1933—the one constellation that has emerged clearly from the glittering ranks of the Hollywood galaxy—she has proved herself an actress of rare quality and personality. "Morning Glory," from which these photographs were taken, is her third big film; in it she plays the part of a stage-struck girl who fights her way to success on Broadway, coming perilously near to a down-town fate of failure and starvation on the way. Katharine Hepburn acts with the same sincerity and reserve of power as in "A Bill of Divorcement" and "Christopher Strong," and more than fulfils the "morning-glory" promise of her first phase of stardom

Left : Sir Hamilton Harty trying over a score on the piano. The autumn concert season proper opened last week with the first of the London Symphony Orchestra's series of concerts, with Sir Hamilton Harty conducting

Elwin Neame

Below : a snapshot of Frida Leider, the famous singer, who gave a recital at the Queen's Hall last week. This was the first time she had appeared on the concert platform in England, and is her only performance this season

Frida Leider

Music and all That . . .

The Symphony Concert Season Opens

By "Melos"

WHEN I survey the wondrous array of concert advertisements which appear—column after column of them—in the larger daily papers, just about the time we are eating our first pheasant of the season, I find it difficult not to be impressed by the fact that we must be a musical nation, and a business-like nation, too.

For most of these are large-scale affairs, with orchestras not far short of a hundred players. The enthusiastic amateur who has built for himself an opera-house down in the wilds of Sussex, considers that London has never really heard an orchestra, and talks of the orchestras of two hundred and twenty-five players he heard in Vienna.

Which is rather like judging a picture by its size, and, in any event, is incorrect, for it is not long since London had massed orchestras of portentous extent for the Handel Festivals. London still has its brass band contests at the Crystal Palace—for those who like a noise that really is a noise.

BUT do all these concerts pay their way? I dealt some weeks ago with the smaller recitals, which certainly do not; these do not mean serious loss, even if they are complete failures, except to the unfortunate recitalist, who probably cannot afford to drop £50 or so.

But a sparsely-attended symphony concert can mean heavy expenditure; and there is some indication that there are too many of these concerts for the numbers available for listening to them. In short, they are cutting, I think, each others' throats.

There could hardly have been a more attractive programme, better played, than that at the opening concert at the Queen's Hall last week of the London Symphony Orchestra. Yet the Hall was depressingly far from being full. That plenty of people are willing to stand up for their music—literally—in August who will not sit down for it in October is one of the mysteries of London. But there it is.

It seems beyond question that many of the autumn and winter orchestral concerts are redundant, and that the various heads of these organisations will have to hold a little meeting to arrange for the reduction in the number of their concerts. It will be a pity, but it is the wisest course. The B.B.C., which is fathering so many of them, will not, of course, give way; they have the money which enables them to hold out.

SIR HAMILTON HARTY included in the L.S.O. concert some of his beloved Berlioz, the *Corsair* Overture, about which I could make a very bad joke, but will refrain. A more tactful way of putting it is to say that it is very typical Berlioz, and that its thematic material is on the robust and obvious side. Yet it has that attractive mixture of genius and charlatanism that marks so much of his music.

At the opposite extreme came Sibelius's Seventh Symphony, which I venture to rank after the superb Fourth in interest. It is very closely woven, but not too difficult to follow. A slice of Delius furnished the "entremets," and some Handel was a jolly draught of honest beer with which to wash down this varied and satisfying meal.

The L.S.O. is now playing much better, and I suspect that some "weeding" has been going on. The brass in particular has vastly improved; it is strong and fiery (when necessary) without being coarse.

THE old Royal Philharmonic Society have also opened their season, after much redecoration, interior and exterior. They have "gone social," which has its advantages, from a business point of view, and is therefore justified; I am only too glad to note that the social celebrities in question are now turning their attention to music in their own country.

The old puerile and formal programme, resembling a company prospectus in its staid dignity, which I have known at "Phil" concerts for more years than I care to remember, has disappeared. In its place is something rich and strange, designed by Mr. Aubrey Hammond, who told me that his inspiration for it came when he was listening to some of Mr. Norman O'Neill's music.

I TRUST that the recently-formed Anti-Noise Society (address: 9, Weymouth Street, W. 1; join it now), which is to seek the abatement of such horrors as road-drills, explosive motor-bikes, lorries rumbling heavily, loud-speakers, back-firing motor-cars and so forth, will turn their attention to the din of some theatre orchestras.

In Miss Josephine Baker's revue one expected this blare and crash. But I did not expect it in *Nymph Errant*, at the Adelphi, which is a smaller threatre, and renowned for Mr. C. B. Cochran's subtle and delightful shows, of which this, with the exception of the music, is an excellent specimen.

Mr. Cole Porter's music for *Nymph Errant* is on the poor side. An attempt seems to have been made to redeem it by over-elaborate and very clumsy orchestration, which is mostly noise. When the music is not noisy, it is painfully unoriginal; the ballet in the Parthenon scene is half Debussy and half Rimsky-Korsakoff, and ineffective in either capacity.

Oh, Mr. Porter!

Perthshire

A Charity Ball at

1. Miss Angela Brett and Mr. Kenneth Thornton, who announced their engagement a fortnight ago, have been up in Scotland, and were at the Ball

2. The Hon. Elizabeth Younger, Viscount Younger of Leckie's daughter, and Hon. George Milne were two of the more local supporters of charity

3. Princess Windischgraetz, a lovely Austrian "importation," sitting out with Mr. Peter Stirling, the second son of Mrs. Archibald Stirling of Keir

4. Commander Kenneth Greig, R.N., Sir Louis Greig's brother, and Mr. Adam Hamilton sat out a dance with each other and a bottle of wine

5. Miss Margaret Ross was one of the most attractive "lovelies" at the dance, which was held in aid of the Perth and Kinross Nursing Associations

6. Another couple dancing at the Gleneagles Hotel were Mr. John Hall and Miss Alison Stewart

7. And a quartette were Miss Gabrielle Duveen, Mr. Michael Cox, Miss Catherine Maitland, and Captain E. L. Percival, who is in the H.L.I.

8. The Hon. John Willoughby and Lady Catherine Willoughby, the Earl and Countess of Ancaster's son and daughter, came from Drummond Castle

9. Lady Priscilla Willoughby, Lady Catherine Willoughby's younger sister, was photographed with Mr. von Einen, who is up at Oxford

10. Mr. Alec Mitchell, Miss Helen Greig, Mr. Peter Drummond-Hay, and his sister-in-law, Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, who married Mr. James Drummond-Hay of Seggieden, three years ago

Exclusive photographs by A. Owen

Medley

the Gleneagles Hotel

11. Two more sitters-out discovered by the camera were Miss Diana Cartwright and Mr. A. Villiers

12. Lieut. Peter Atkinson represented the Navy at the dance; he was in the same party as Miss Joan Buckmaster, Gladys Cooper's daughter

13. Mr. Broderick Chinnery-Haldane of Gleneagles, the owner of the property nearby from which the Gleneagles Hotel took its name, came across to the dance with his sister, Mrs. Hugh Harris

14. Lady Muir, Sir Kay Muir's Bulgarian wife, brought a party from Blair Drummond; with her is Mr. Villiers Stuart, the Master of the Waterford

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

A New Pleasure and an Old War

By A. G. Macdonell

A FORTNIGHT ago, those vivacious and flighty young ladies (I guess at their sex from their vivacity) who call themselves "The Bystanders," butted into my sphere with a reference to a book by Mr. John Gloag called *The New Pleasure* (Allen and Unwin; 7*s.* 6*d*). I admit that they apologised for their low breach of professional etiquette, but that will not prevent me from saying something pretty sharp about them if I get the chance. To return, however, to Mr. Gloag. In his book he has created a scientist who discovers a new, harmless drug which is not only very soothing to take, but powerfully increases the human sense of smell. A Parisian scent-manufacturer, a millionaire, takes up the Professor and his invention, and the new discovery is labelled "Voe," and launched commercially upon the markets of the world. The results are cataclysmic. The newly-sensitive human nose cannot bear the smell of petrol, and so the oil combines and motor companies go smash; the tobacco companies and confectioners are ruined; the newspapers, which depended so enormously upon the oil, tobacco, and confectionery advertisements, lose three-quarters of their circulation, and consequently three-quarters of their power, and, in short, a colossal social revolution is brought about. There is a drift back to the pleasant scents of the countryside. There is a consequent wave of pneumonia, which attacks the weaklings who sleep under damp hedges, and this reduces the population to a reasonable size and eliminates the unfit. Everywhere there is a return to sanity and health, and the foul evils of industrialism are swept away for ever.

That is Mr. Gloag's theme. But the bare outline does not do justice to the wit and the irony and the satire with which *The New Pleasure* is written. Nor is *The New Pleasure* merely the wittiest book I have read for a long time. It is full of political wisdom, of a profound sincerity, of a passionate loathing of the way in which human affairs are mishandled and bungled by the so-called "claims" of the powerful vested interests. Mr. Gloag is saddened and depressed, for instance, by the utter impossibility of getting any sort of *planned* development of our towns, of our country, or of any single aspect of our life, civic or politic; and it is this sadness and this depression that underlies all the gay fooling and merry wit of *The New Pleasure*.

CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART has been recognised for some years now as our foremost thinker and writer upon military affairs, and his latest book is in complete accordance with his reputation. *The Ghost of Napoleon* (Faber and Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a historical study of the amazingly stupid and muddled thinking in the European staff-colleges which led to the fatal butchery of the war of 1914-18. Captain Liddell Hart begins with the too-little-known genius of Marshal Saxe, who, in the eighteenth century, restored the factor of *mobility* to modern armies. His fame was promptly eclipsed by the much inferior Frederick the Great, and the lessons of Marshal Saxe were only appreciated by two comparatively obscure Frenchmen. Bourcet and Guibert. But the vitally important thing about these two is that Bourcet derived from Saxe, Guibert from Bourcet, a certain du Teil learnt from Guibert, and du Teil was an officer in the artillery regiment of La Fère in which Lieutenant Bonaparte received his first commission in 1785. Hence Bonaparte's dazzling application of the principles of Marshal Saxe's mobility in his great campaigns. Even later, when the Emperor Napoleon was increasing and increasing the size of his armies, he never lost sight of the necessity for fast marching. But those who came after him completely lost sight of it, and assumed that the secret of the Emperor's success was in his vast numbers rather than in his "long boots." Clausewitz was the arch-offender, and Foch learned his whole theory of mass-fighting from Clausewitz. So, in the European War, both sides blindly pinned their faith to vast masses of men, quite regardless of the fundamental change in tactics which had been brought about by the machine-gun.

There was no strategy in the war, except for the abortive and bungled Dardanelles expedition. All that happened was that stupid regular soldiers flung hordes of civilians at each other until one side was more exhausted than the other. Think what Napoleon would have done if he had been in the place of Foch; imagine, if you can, the lightning-strokes, the sudden concentrations at remote and unexpected key-points, the surprise assaults—and then compare it with the sodden four-years' butchery of brave young men. The regular armies of Europe will have much to answer for when the last trumpet-call is sounded. I hope Gabriel knows how to sound that call, after manœuvres are over, which runs: "Officers, come and be damned. Officers, come and be damned."

Tunbridge

Mary Borden

the well-known novelist, who, for her new book, has written the life of the Virgin Mary under the title of "Mary of Nazareth." She is the wife of Brig.-General E. L. Spears

ALAN THOMAS, D.S.O., M.C., has written a rather interesting thriller, called *Death of the Home Secretary* (Benn; 7*s.* 6*d*). For a long time it pursues the normal, quiet, even tenor of our humdrum lives. The Home Secretary is strangled in his library. So far so good. So very good. The story ties itself up into the customary knot, begins to untie itself in the customary way—and then, suddenly, you begin to realise that something very queer has happened. Something new is occurring. Something unexpected. And there can be no greater praise for a modern detective-novel than to suggest that it contains something unexpected. The finish of Mr. Thomas's book is quite out of the ordinary run, and for that reason, if for no other, is to be warmly commended. But, oh, Mr. Thomas, dear Mr. Thomas, do stop trying to reproduce phonetically the accents of those of your characters who were born within sound of Bow Bells. It won't do. It really won't.

MR. ST. JOHN ERVINE has written *The Theatre in My Time* for the "In My Time" series (Rich and Cowan; 6*s.*). There are few people who know as much about the modern theatre as Mr. Ervine, and so it is a disappointment to find him harking back incessantly to the days of long ago, often of long before he was born, and saying practically nothing about Mr. Coward, nothing whatever about Mr. Van Druten, and practically nothing about Mr. Somerset Maugham. *The Theatre in My Youth* might have been a more appropriate title for this book. Mr. Ervine's main point is that during his lifetime there has been a transition from actor-theatre to author-cum-producer-theatre. An Irving nowadays would be as unthinkable as a Miss Auriol Lee fifty years ago. But Mr. Ervine leaves it at that. He does not put in his word for the ideal theatre which will be actor-author-producer-critic-audience theatre, and in which all five component parts will take an equal share in making the play.

Mr. Ervine includes some interesting statistics about the popularity of film stars, both men and women, with the film-going public. It is a sign of the times that Charlie Chaplin does not figure on any list, even among the first twenty, nor does Douglas Fairbanks, nor Mary Pickford. Eheu fugaces! Poor Mary Pickford. I, too, have lived in Arcady. She was the World's Sweetheart once, and, in my opinion, rightly so.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

PALE orchid-mauve draperies lend distinction to this lovely Augustabernard evening gown, which can be copied in any colour desired in the model gown department at Marshall and Snelgrove. The seated figure is wearing a very "Cavalcade" ensemble consisting of a brown velvet gown, with a draped yoke and short sleeves of gold lamé, over which is worn a short, tightly-fitting coat, buttoned down the front with gold buttons, whose puffed sleeves and ruched yoke recall the splendours of our Edwardian mothers. On the right is a lovely gown for a young girl; it is carried out in a lustrous water-mark satin in japonica pink and has cartridge folds on the shoulders and a low draped décolleté at the back. The skirt has the new fullness put on just below the knees by means of a deep gathered flounce. Both these models may be obtained from Corot

Here's News for

Cannons of Hollywood

MISS GLADYS SAMMUT looks extremely smart in her side-saddle habit, which, complete to its last detail, comes from Moss Brothers

the Smart Sportswoman

A SHORT waterproof coat is essential for the field, and Elverey's of Conduit Street make one which is guaranteed to wear protractedly and is unusually well tailored. Smart sportswomen should note that the latest bowlers have a rough finish and a small, slightly rolled brim. Scott's of Bond Street have six or seven different shapes from which to choose

WHEN selecting an outfit for hacking or general country wear, it is wise to remember at least two names. Woodrow for hats spells hard wear and satisfaction (a moderately wide-brimmed felt is shown here which may be obtained in several shades or in any colour to order); and Malita, whose name on sports clothes is a guarantee of chic. This green and brown cashmere pullover and cardigan, which illustrates the new high turn-over neck and short fitted waist, can be obtained in other colour combinations

SIGHS for the departure of a superlative summer are just now tempered with expressions of welcome to the Hunting Season which, for once, is ushered in on the very heels of the departed. Kit is up for inspection by the woman who rides, and whether she follows hounds or contents herself with country "hacking," the opening of the season will acquire added stimulus with attire that is faultless in service and appearance. Riding waterproofs may need renewal, for it is essential to be sure of ample protection from the weather without detriment to smartness of appearance. Elvery, the waterproof specialist, makes a weatherproof jacket that will command special approval from women who ride astride. This three-quarter-length coat is neatly belted and has, among other practical features of comfort, a storm collar—a garment, in fact, which unites practical service with superlative appearance. Other waterproofs for the astride, as well as for the side seat, make their appearance among a collection of genuine interest to the horsewoman.

To those also for whom economy is a factor of importance, further interest attaches to the fine tailoring of habits and riding outfits generally by the Bedford Riding Breeches Co., Sporting Tailors, of New Quebec Street. The long experience of this firm in this special branch of tailoring, together with such excellent materials and workmanship, offer an irresistible combination to the "not-so-well-off," in view of the reasonable prices at which these clothes are offered. Jodhpurs, the smartness and comfort of which depend entirely upon the correctness of their cut and tailoring, are a very special study of this firm, and women who favour this style are as full of praise for the price as for the appearance of those made by the Bedford Riding Breeches Company. Hats, riding-shirts, pullovers, as well as boots, and other items of necessity to the woman who rides, are equally distinguished by their reasonable price at the premises in New Quebec Street, where children's riding outfits are also another very special study under the control of a children's expert tailor.

Royal Cinque Ports and London Irish Medicos

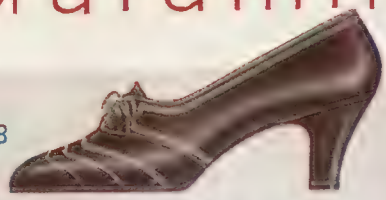
Competitors at Deal and Sandwich

The London Irish Medical Golf Society

Scratch Challenge Cup Meeting at Deal

(1) L. O. M. Munn, winner and record-holder, and Rev. R. W. H. Maundrell, R.N. (2) V. ff. Smith, runner-up, and Captain H. R. Kirkwood. (3) W. R. Taylor and A. Y. Milne. (4) Surgeon-Captain McGiffin, R.N., and H. Wynne (5) R. Swift and K. C. Holloway. (6) W. T. Sanctuary and I. V. Hitchcock. (7) Dr. MacGinty and Ed. Goggin. (8) C. A. Campbell and D. S. Jordon. (9) P. J. Conwell and F. McConnell. (10) Dr. J. J. Cremin and E. T. McElligott. (11) W. Belton and Dr. D. J. O'Keeffe. (12) E. P. Kelly and R. Lindsay Rea. (13) G. D. McGarth and J. A. Flaherty, winners of the foursomes, G. E. Sneyd and W. M. H. McCullagh

Exclusive Modes for Autumn



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SATURDAY OCT. 21ST 1933

AT

WHITE CITY STADIUM

A new race for greyhound puppies whelped since 1st January, 1932 and fifteen months old by 1st October, 1933.

This is an outstanding annual event staged for the first time by the Greyhound Racing Association.

Thanet Activities

J. M. Wallace, Captain P. M. Spence, and G. C. Belloe, competitors in the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club Scratch Challenge Cup at Deal

Football Clubs Play with a Smaller Ball

Lord Westmorland (an Arsenal Director), S. H. Day (Corinthians), Frank Hill (Arsenal), and Basil Foster (Corinthians), representing their clubs, which met at Stoke Poges. The Corinthians won by 13 matches to 3

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

The E.G.U. Again

THIS week I will continue to deal with the remaining half of the letter sent to my Editor by the English Golf Union, the first half of which I discussed on this page last week. I will start by again stressing the fact that I challenge the statement made by the English Golf Union that my views are not the views of the thousand-and-twelve golf clubs affiliated to the English Golf Union. By silence they may have consented to the Standard Scratch Score and Handicapping Scheme, but a very large percentage of their members are definitely opposed to any interference in the good old ways, and, I may add, I have not had one single letter criticising my criticisms.

THE following appears in the letter: "The Standard Scratch Score and Handicapping Scheme was introduced in 1926, and was an attempt to introduce a common basis of handicapping throughout the British Isles. Handicapping at that time was in a state of chaos, handicaps being allotted according to the particular views of each Club Handicapping Committee as to what represented a good player. As these views differed widely in different Clubs a man often had a handicap of 4 or 5 at one Club and was rated at Scratch at another Club. As a result, Open Handicap Meetings were often conducted under somewhat farcical conditions, a competitor's chance of winning being estimated, not according to his ability to play to his handicap, but according to the Club to which he belonged."

WITH regard to the claim that handicapping before 1926 was in a state of chaos I can only say that, although erratic, it was in nothing like such a state of chaos as it is at the present time. I will admit that the Handicapping Scheme of the English Golf Union is in its infancy, but all that it will do, as I have pointed out before, is to infuriate golfers who find themselves suddenly jumped from single to double figures, and golfers who have only just left the limit and are extraordinarily pleased and satisfied by this great achievement. They are not likely to be very pleased with the English Golf Union when they find that they are dumped back again. These two classes of golfers form by far the largest percentage of the members of any golf club, and the result is that the majority of players are very much displeased with the English Golf Union. It is perfectly true that a man who was, say, four at Sunningdale, may have been allotted to scratch at Midwinkle, but it is equally true to say that he was only hurting himself, for when he entered an Open Handicap Meeting he was forced to play from his lowest club handicap: in other words, his vanity cost him four shots which might have proved very useful to him. There were, of course, certain individuals who resigned from the clubs where they possessed low handicaps in order to exploit their pot-hunting proclivities with the higher handicap, but I resent that type of person playing at all. In the old days, if he did that once too often he did not play again. Yet all that the English Golf Union wants to do is to make it less likely that he will be found out and, therefore, more likely that his presence will ruin otherwise pleasant meetings.

THE next paragraph reads as follows: "I think you will agree that in other games and sports where Open Competitions under handicap are held such a position would not be tolerated. Could Racing continue if the various Stables were allowed to fix the handicaps of their horses according to their own views? Under the Scheme the English Golf Union, as an entirely independent and unprejudiced body, fixed the Standard Scratch Scores of the courses and the Club Handicapping Committee allotted handicaps to their members according to their performances in Medal and other competitions in comparison with the Standard Scratch Score of the course."

THE next paragraph is important. Please read it carefully, particularly up to the first full-stop:

"The Scheme was a complete success, although naturally enough there was at first a certain amount of old-fashioned prejudice against it, and practically all the Clubs in the country in due course applied for and were allotted a Standard Scratch Score. The medium and long-handicap players were among the strongest supporters of the Scheme, because they felt that for the first time their handicaps were allotted on a fair and understandable basis, and knew that their handicaps would be accepted without question by any other Club which they visited. Mr. Fairlie's views were fairly common seven years ago, but they seem somewhat out of date now."

A CLAIM is made that the Scheme was a complete success. This is about as inaccurate a statement as could possibly be made. I make so bold as to say that the Scheme is a failure, for it has done nothing but annoy, and the handicap wangler will continue to wangle for as long as he is not found out. The claim is also made that practically all the clubs in the country in due course applied for and were allotted a Standard Scratch Score. Well, if the English Golf Union say so, I suppose I must accept their word for it, but I do not know of any case where a club applied for a Standard Scratch Score. The method used was that the English Golf Union said that they would like to send officials down in order to fix a Scratch Score and would the clubs help? In some cases they did: in others they left it entirely to the officials, and were, frankly, not in the least interested. The English Golf Union goes on to say that the medium and long-handicap players are amongst the strongest supporters of the Scheme. I have not met a single one—and I have met plenty—who has had a good word to say of it. The views of these people make me realise that my own are not so much out of date as the English Golf Union seem to think.

The last paragraph in the letter reads: "It may interest you to know that the Standard Scratch Score and Handicapping Scheme has been adopted by many of the Golf Unions of the Empire and by the French, Italian, German and other Golf Unions."

I HAVE now given the views of the English Golf Union and answered them, and I know that I am speaking for my Editor as well as for myself when I say that should the English Golf Union desire to answer any new point which I may have brought out in criticising their letter, this page of THE BYSTANDER is, within reason, open to them.

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 20

Colonel Moore-Brabazon, M.C., M.P.

Potted by Charles Gay
Caricatured by Sirra

ONE can say of "Brab" that he was weaned on petrol. He appeared on the scene just when people were beginning to talk about nuts and gears instead of about hocks and withers. He is a child of the age of physics and mechanics. At the age of sixteen, when at Harrow, he had to write a Georgic as an imposition for being caught out of bounds watching the first 1000-mile road race ever held. He holds the No. 1 Certificate of the Royal Aero Club, and won the *Daily Mail* £1000 prize for covering the first mile in the air. Before that, in 1907, he did seven hops of about a hundred-and-fifty yards each at Issy-les-Moulineaux. Nobody knew anything about flying in those days, and pilots tried to cut corners without any effort at banking. Already "Brab" had won any number of road races, including the Circuit des Ardennes in 1907. This involved doing 380 miles at an average speed of sixty miles an hour, despite the changing of twelve tyres en route.

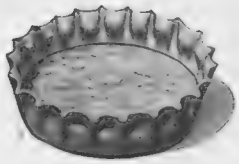
When the war came, "Brab" became O.C. Aerial Photography for the R.F.C., a post he held throughout the war. He built the first aerial cameras, arranged for the first aerial photographs of the enemy lines, and bore the first brunt of G.H.Q.'s rage that the R.F.C. should do what had previously been the perquisite of M.I.5. The war over, "Brab" became an M.P., the first political meeting he ever attended being his own. On his second day in Parliament he made a speech on the Address, and was quickly gathered in by Winston Churchill to be his Parliamentary Private Secretary. Under Baldwin, he put through the Electricity Bill—being the only M.P. who knew anything about it. To-day he is Member for Wallasey. He is also a director of the G.R.A., the A.E.C., and Kodak. Why on earth he is not a director of a railway company, I can't think. He knows all about electricity, all about transport, and all about flying. And, in the case of the Southern Railway, flying is going to be forced upon it very soon.

TALL, stooping, philosophical, complex, loyal, the owner of Tara Hall, County Meath, is aloof, despite all his gift for friendship. Smoking incessant cigarettes through his long holder, drinking very little, for the simple reason that he does not like the taste of alcohol, Colonel Moore-Brabazon is a pioneer. He had a wireless transmitting licence before the war, and has not flown an aeroplane since Charlie Rolls was killed at Bournemouth.

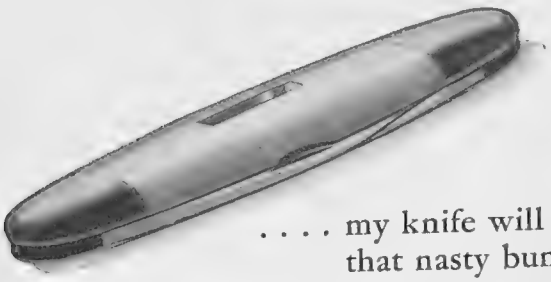
You might say of him that he leaves off where the rest of us begin. To-day he drives a small closed car, though a quarter-of-a-century ago he was a crack track-driver; flies occasionally as a passenger in an aeroplane, although twenty-five years ago he was the first English airman; is a Back-Bencher in Parliament, although he held Government rank ten years ago. Altogether, he is the most untypical Irishman I know. And the only thing of which he is at all proud is the fact that he three times won the Curzon Cup on the Cresta. Even now he is only forty-nine, and feels that he has hardly begun.

"I'll show you how I holed a chip shot at the 14th . . . ."

"This box of matches stands for the hole . . . .



. . . this stopper is old Smith's ball



. . . . my knife will do for that nasty bunker . . . "

"And what's the glass of Guinness for?"

"Oh, *that's* for me!"

GUINNESS is good for your Golf

That's a British Record, That Was!

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Learning to Fly

DISTINGUISHED pupils at the moment include Lord Lloyd, the Assistant Provost-Marshal of the London District, who is Captain Forbes, of the Guards, and Sir George Lewis. British schools have a peculiar attraction for foreigners; Countess Frijs has been at Hamble for her "A" Licence, and Cadet Kit Mok has come all the way from China for a special course. Cupid, having wings, finds other aviators a fairly easy target, Lord Willoughby de Broke and Miss Rachel Wrey being the latest flying couple to marry. Heston, which rivals the Universal Aunts in the variety of its services rendered, claims with pride that it can supply the engagement ring as well as the aeroplane in which to carry off the girl. A pilot who enquired for this symbol of respectability last week was supplied with a bunch of sample sizes, and is reported to have flown back two days later with the right fitting, a London jeweller being in attendance with an array of sparklers for his choice. Next Saturday is Ladies' Day at Woodley Aerodrome, Reading. A prize for Punctuality will be given to the lady pilot arriving at or nearest 12.45 p.m., and all the ladies will enjoy the consolation of a good lunch at the Club's expense. Peggy Morris is organising a mannequin display to take place after lunch, and the latest flying kit will be flown by models from D. Lewis.

Flight

Air Circus—Sir Alan Cobham at the microphone saying his piece on the last of the National Aviation Days this season. His air circuses have visited 306 towns, carried 194,000 passengers, and 800,000 people have paid to see the show

Improving the Breed

HAVING become self-conscious, after all these years, about our position as the fifth-rate Power in the air, it seems that the Government may do something about it, in which case more manufacturers will be encouraged to design better and better aeroplanes, with consequent benefit to the air car, taxi or liner which you or I use for our journeys aloft. It is not only racing that improves the breed, but the whole business of competition in trying to build a more efficient or cheaper article than the other man. And we certainly need some more efficient aeroplanes, for in the last few months we have lost three world's records: those for speed, distance non-stop and height. It has been a case of "That 's a British record, that was!" Sir Alan Cobham, pioneer airman and propagandist, has just completed his third tour by air of the British Isles, winding up with an air-raid over London, when his squadron of air liners, Autogiros and Avros posed for the Press photographers over Trafalgar Square. I mention this tour after referring to records because it is unique in this or any other country. Nearly 400,000 passengers have been carried for what is known as joy-flights, in the past eighteen months; 800,000 have paid to see the "circus" perform during this summer alone, besides an enormous number of hedge guests who have accommodated themselves on fences, trees and other local vantage points.

A Caterpillar at the Royal Aero Club

AT the first House Dinner of the season, Leslie Irvin talked on "Parachutes," a subject with which he is peculiarly familiar, having jumped out of aeroplanes on and off for the past twenty-five years. Some time ago he founded the Caterpillar Club, the most exclusive institution of its kind in the world, membership being reserved for those who have saved their lives with an Irvin 'chute. Caterpillar Staniland, test pilot for Fairey's, was in attendance to recount his recent initiation as a member, an experience thrilling enough to stir even the celluloid hearts of Hollywood. By a coincidence Caterpillar Charles Lindbergh landed at Southampton on the day that the dinner was held, but it was impossible to persuade him to dine at the Club. He has three rings on his caterpillar, having saved his life four times.

The Doggy World

The Lost Dog

By Lady Kitty Ritson

I WAS asked last week to look at a little dog which had strayed into a kind lady's garden and which she thought was a Finnish Spitz. He is a dear little dog, about three years old, house-trained, and very gentle. The lady cannot keep him, because she has a lot of Italian greyhounds, and we are looking for a home for him. He has a lovely red coat and looks like a pure-bred Finnish Spitz. If anybody would like him, will they please write to me, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope? But it must be somebody in the south of England, and they must be prepared to pay the carriage and also to give me certain assurances.

He is very healthy, and I am having him washed and wormed.

THE problem of the stray dog is an amazing one, and I am always astonished at people who either deliberately cast a dog out or else, if they lose him, seem to make no effort to find him. I suppose that, in the latter case, they may not know how to set about it, although it is simple enough. You should go to the nearest police-station and ask if they have any news, at the same time giving a description of your dog and where you lost him. You can also put an advertisement in the local paper, offering a reward and giving the dog's name.

When you first miss your dog it is as well to stay in one place and not to go rushing about, for the probabilities are that the dog is looking for you, and if you remain stationary he may find you, while if you move he will have far more difficulty in finding you. I train my dogs to come to a particular whistle, which is very penetrating and which they easily recognise. Last week I was out with a man who owns a Spitz, and we were playing golf at Hindhead. He missed her at the sixteenth hole but he went on playing, and when we got back to the car she was sitting beside it; and the extraordinary thing was that it was a hired car, not the one she knew. But dogs who keep their heads when they are lost do not come to the same harm as those poor animals who fall into a panic.

Swaebe

A fox-terrier getting "that autumn feeling" and doing a high jump to work off his surplus energy: an action photograph taken in Hyde Park on a fine, frosty morning

IT is a great advantage if your dog is a Tail-Wagger, for the Tail-Waggers' Club has a most marvellous organisation for finding dogs, and many and many are the lost dogs which they have returned to their owners. As a life subscription is only 2s., it is well worth while making your dog a Tail-Wagger for that benefit alone, apart from the good which you know you are helping the organisation to do for animal charities.

It is a great mistake to keep a dog continually upon the lead, even if he is inclined to stray. (I am now talking of the country.) It tends to make him so silly and if one day he should get lost, he has little chance of finding his way home. I know only too well that awful feeling when you see a dog disappearing into the distance, and you think that he has gone for ever. But one can't live with that fear hanging over one, and it is better to take the dog off the lead in early days, directly you get him, before he becomes a "dearly beloved," and trust to common sense to train him. Every dog, if properly treated and sufficiently exercised, desires to come back to its master or mistress. Never encourage your dog to be friendly with strangers, for that makes it easier to steal it. I don't like a snappy dog, of course, but I like to see it dive under a stranger's hand or pay no attention.

The Holders

Miss M. Lake (Worthing) and Mrs. V. G. Davies (Berks), who won the competition last year, were defeated in the fifth round

Mothers and Daughters

Top, left: Mrs. Pearson and Miss Dorothy Pearsen (Nevill), who won the English Championship at Westward Ho!, were beaten by Miss D. Wilkins and Mrs. Marsh (Chigwell); right, Mrs. Rieben and Miss Isabella Rieben, both ex-Welsh Champions, were the runners-up, and were defeated by the Misses Barton. Below, Mrs. William Mellis and Miss M. Mellis (Aberdeen), (left), and Mrs. Hern and Miss Hern (Liphook) were all beaten in the first round

Mothers, Daughters and other Combines

In "The Bystander's" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes, at Ranelagh

Trousers Do Make a Difference

Miss Anne de Montmorency (Wentworth) and Miss Bridget Newell (Cavendish) set out to play their second-round match in threatening weather and waterproof trousers. The sun came out later, and they were defeated by Mrs. G. Coats (Troon) and Mrs. Percy Garon (Thorndon Park) by 2 and 1

"The Bystander" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh (12th Year) and Roehampton (9th Year)

The First Two Days:

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

IF I had begun this letter to you a little earlier in the week I should have been able to write of nothing except the excitements of the English Championship. Even now, before plunging into Ranelagh and Roehampton and THE BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes there, I simply must tell you a little bit about the finish at Westward Ho! For one thing, it was the most delightful and cheerful English Championship there has been for many a long day, and the best golf. And I refuse to believe it was only because of the beautiful weather or perfect condition of the course. My own feeling is that the generation of women golfers who have just arrived, and are arriving, at the top of the tree, take the game in the very best of spirits, and that, as long as their influence is uppermost, we shall continue to have championship golf that is a pleasure to watch.

I have never seen anything much better than Miss Pearson's 75 (by dint of which she lunched three up on Miss Mary Johnson in the final), nor pluckier than the way Miss Johnson stuck to her, so that she only lost on the thirty-six holes by 4 and 3. And Miss Mary Lake and Miss Nancy Halsted played extremely well to earn their bronze medals.

IT was exciting to see how those Westward Ho! heroines carried on at Ranelagh. Miss Dorothy Pearson, I suppose, was tired; suffering a bit too much from reaction for marvels to be expected of her. On the first day her mother, who partnered her, made up nobly for all deficiencies. Not Miss Pearson at her best could have putted better than Mrs. did, and so they survived a great match with Mrs. Beard and her daughter, only to go out the next morning to Miss Dorrit Wilkins and Mrs. Marsh.

Miss Nancy Halsted—famous for ever as the defeater of the one-club trousered one at Westward Ho!—took leave of Ranelagh the first day. Miss Mary Lake, who is also the holder with Mrs. V. G. Davies, is still carrying on bravely at the moment of writing; these two look quite as if they might do what nobody, so far, has done, and win two years in succession at Ranelagh.

NOW I wonder who else you want to hear about? First of all, all the distinguished folk from overseas. For instance, Mrs. Mundy, ex-holder of the Natal Championship, who played with Mrs. Dudley Charles but did not live beyond Wednesday morning. Then Mme. Monier and Miss Margery Raworth, who, after putting out the Miss Esmonds on the last green by dint of a whale of an approach-putt stone dead from Mme. Monier, went out next morning to Miss Bryant and Mrs. Pilkington. You know the carriage-drive at Ranelagh and the green grass circle in the middle of it? Mrs. Pilkington had to play a shot back from close underneath that; she did it so well that her side got a half and won at the nineteenth. Then Frau Zahn and Miss Rudgard seemed an extremely effective pair the first day, even better the next morning, when they beat Miss Nan Baird and Miss Mitchell, but too unsteady in the afternoon to stand up to that sound Sheringham pair, Miss V. Kerr and Miss Watts. That only leaves what the daily Press love to call "the Franco-American pair," Miss Aline de Gunzbourg and Miss Grace Amory, who were semi-finalists last year and may very well be the same, or better, this. They have already beaten Mrs. Guedalla and Miss Regnart,

(*Continued on page 140*)

Miss J. D. Firth (Formby), Mrs. I. M. Payne (Northwick Park), Miss Beryl Brown (Formby), and Mrs. B. G. Kent (Northwick Park). Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Kent were the winners by 2 and 1

Mrs. Morel and Miss Halsted (Banstead Downs), were defeated 5 and 4 by Mrs. L. B. Ellison (Woodcote Park) and Mrs. A. Shackman (Pinner Hill) in the first round

Miss Margaret Mitchell (Woodsome Hall) and Miss Nan Baird (St. Nicholas) sheltering "under de ole umbrella" during a first-day shower

OCTOBER, 1933

21st to 31st inclusive

21st **Racing.** Newbury and Stockton Meetings. Towcester Steeplechases.
Shows. Motor Show closes. Trafalgar Day Celebrations on H.M.S. Victory, Portsmouth.
Rugby Union. Upper Clapton v. Aldershot Command. Burton v. Hinckley. Bristol v. Plymouth Albion.
Rugby (Northern) League. Salford v. Australians. Rochdale v. Castleford. Bramley v. York.
Assoc. Football. Birmingham v. Wolverhampton. Blackburn Rovers v. Chelsea. Everton v. Tottenham Hotspur.
Motor Cycling. Southern Trial for "The Motor Cycle" Trophy.
Hockey. Aldershot Command v. Old Cranleighans. Blackheath v. Civil Service.

23rd **Racing.** Nottingham Steeplechases.
Greyhound Racing. (First Heats) "Daily Mirror" Trophy, Harringay Park (London).

24th **Racing.** Newmarket Meeting. Nottingham Steeplechases.
Shows. Orchid Show, Royal Horticultural Hall.

25th **Racing.** Newmarket Meeting. Wetherby Steeplechases.
Rugby Union. Eastern Counties v. Kent, Leytonstone. Surrey v. Sussex, Richmond.
Hockey. Aldershot Command v. United Services, Portsmouth.
Shows. Royal Jersey Show, St. Helier. Orchid Show, Royal Horticultural Hall.

26th **Racing.** Newmarket Meeting. Wetherby and Colwall Park Steeplechases.
Amateur Boxing. Licensed Victuallers, Stadium Club, London.

27th **Racing.** Newmarket Meeting. Manchester Steeplechases.

28th **Racing.** Alexandra Park and Pontefract Meetings. Manchester Steeplechases.
Assoc. Football. Wales v. Scotland, Wales. Huddersfield v. West Bromwich Albion. Portsmouth v. Derby County. Stoke v. Birmingham.
Rugby Union. Harlequins v. Guy's, Twickenham. Upper Clapton v. London Hospital. Burton v. Walsall. Cornwall v. Somerset. Devon v. Gloucestershire.
Rugby (Northern) League. Wakefield v. Australia. Hull v. Huddersfield. St. Helens v. Salford. Warrington v. Oldham.
Hockey. Blackheath v. Old Loughtonians. Aldershot Command v. Cheam.
Greyhound Racing. The Autumn Cup Flat Trial, West Ham Stadium.
Motor Cycling. Stroud Team Trial.
Golf. Open Meeting, Stoke Poges.

30th **Racing.** Birmingham, Wye Steeplechases.
Greyhound Racing. Trafalgar Cup (Puppy) Flat, First Heats, Wembley Stadium.

31st **Racing.** Birmingham Meeting.
Shows. Autumn Flower Show, Brighton.
Many Scotch rivers close for Salmon Fishing.

Cub Hunting during month.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

"The Bystander" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes: Continued from page 138

Mrs. Mason and Miss Powell, Miss Bryant, and Mrs. Pilkington. Whether they will beat Miss Mervyn and Miss Pam Barton, the youngest pair in, I should not like to say, but it ought to be a great battle.

Of course, Miss Couper is not an overseas visitor, only, as Scottish Champion, she is rather a distinguished person. With Lady Eddis, she played distinguished golf on the first morning, and even more so on the second, although the two ex-Scottish Champions, Mrs. Percy and Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, were just too much for them. These, in turn, went out in the afternoon to the Strohmenger sisters, whom we really must learn to talk about as Mrs. Ian Miller and Mrs. Jack Fell Clark. So, at the moment of writing to you, Scotland has only one of her Internationals left, and that is Mrs. George Coats. She and Mrs. Percy Garon are back-markers with the outrageous handicap of plus one. So far, they seem quite able to cope with it. Can you think of more brilliant figures than their 34 each way, which only got them home on the last green from Mrs. E. J. Smith, of Sandy Lodge, and Mrs. A. D. Stocks, of Roehampton? Imagine getting out in 34 and still being one down, when you had given two strokes and still had three more to give! They had a slightly easier time with Miss de Montmorency and Miss Newell the next morning; or perhaps they were admiring this pair's mackintosh trousers and so looking less fixedly at their own ball; but, anyhow, they arrived home by 2 and 1 and again by the same margin in the afternoon against Miss Garnham and Mrs. Eddison, to whom they gave six strokes. If these back-markers come through, it will be one of the greatest feats Ranelagh has ever seen. But then we feast on feats there. What about Mrs. Douglas Fish and Mrs. Geoffrey Harrison going out in 33; or Mrs. Torrance and Mrs. Nicolls, who have a joint handicap of 17, going out in 35 and finishing off their match in par figures, in the course of which Mrs. Nicolls lofted a stymie as if she had been doing it in championships for ever and a day? And what about a match to the twenty-fifth, which was where Miss Corlett and Mrs. P. Smith beat Miss Joy Winn and Mrs. Garrett long after the sun had set, Miss Corlett putting a glorious second dead to do it?

Amongst other performances I must really recount how Miss Betty Dix-Perkin, in her own words, "suddenly saw a speck of blue tee instead of a white ball, so I just finished off the swing, and, my dear, I hit that ball before it had blown quite on to the ground, and we actually got a half." And another achievement needs mention—not a competitor's this time—but that of a well-wisher, who wired "Congratulations on crushing conquest creating conditions of consommé for competitors competing contra." I shall *not* compete with him at Telegram Game; shall you?

Above: Mrs. B. Kimmins (Moray) and Mrs. J. Parish Robertson (Prince's) photographed while waiting to start on their round at Roehampton

Left: another Roehampton picture, of Miss A. Evans Lombe (Axe Cliff), Miss Rushbrooke (Ashford Manor), Mrs. M. D. Lancaster (Tandridge), and Miss Rushbrooke's partner, Mrs. Barder, of West Hill

As for Roehampton, where things are going just as merrily as at Ranelagh, they have one thrill to their credit that eclipses all else—a hole in one. That was the seventh; the striker, Miss E. Black, from Hawkstone Park, the length 135 yards. She and her sister are going very strong at the time of writing, having beaten Mrs. Edgar Davis and Mrs. Marcus Thomson, Mrs. Hampton Lewis and Mrs. Morrison, and Miss Gough and Miss Wells. Sister partnerships are rather fashionable at Roehampton; the pity is when two of them come up against each other, as on the first day, when Mrs. Kenneth Morrice (whose son is Captain of Oxford this year) and Mrs. Sanderson went out to Mrs. Medrington and Mrs. Liebert. That pair really played extremely well, but Miss Gregson and Miss Ashberry beat them at the twentieth, halving every hole from the ninth onwards, except one, which they lost to a birdie.

There is a fine sprinkling of low handicaps at Roehampton this year, and the majority of them are still alive at this moment, Miss Barnes-Gorell with Lady Headfort, Miss Doreen Snook with Mrs. Forman, Miss Oswald with Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Sturgess Wells with Miss D. M. Heath, and Mrs. Bradshaw with Mrs. Austin Hudson.

The wind has been blowing furiously across Roehampton's top holes, which, perhaps, has helped the lower handicap pairs to give the strokes; the course, like Ranelagh, is in wonderful condition in spite of the summer's drought. And everybody at both clubs has been kindness itself. It 's a great week, really it is.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

Miss Helme's fully illustrated account of the last two days' play will appear next week

Mrs. Kenneth Allen and Miss K. Salmons (Apsley Guise and Woburn Sands) and the Marchioness of Headfort (Headfort) and Miss Joan Barnes-Gorell (Berkshire) before their match on the second day of the Roehampton Foursomes

A selection of checks were worn by three of this Roehampton foursome: Miss R. Sawday (St. George's Hill), Miss E. Mallam (Royal Mid-Surrey), and Miss O. M. Strong and Mrs. Alderson, both of Tandridge

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Jock McAvoy (Rochdale), middle-weight champion of Great Britain, in a clinch with Archie Sexton (Bethnal Green), nearest camera. The latter was knocked out after making a poor showing

Miss Freda James and Miss Kathleen Stammers, finalists in the Singles at the West Side Country Club, in a match won by the latter

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

HAVE we heard the last of the body-line controversy? I doubt it. It is true that the cables exchanged by the M.C.C. and the Australian Board of Control were eminently conciliatory, and that, superficially, all is well. I am told though, on good authority, that there is a large body of opinion in Australia which considers that the M.C.C. have side-stepped the real issue rather neatly. This, in effect, is true; their cable deplores bowling which is a direct attack upon the batsman, but it does not admit that Larwood's bowling comes under this category, nor does it make any promise that Larwood's tactics will be officially frowned upon in future.

I am not criticising the attitude of the M.C.C.; I think, indeed, that their cable is a model of subtle, diplomatic evasion. I only hope that it will serve its purpose, and that Mr. Kelly and the other Victorian representatives will not force the Australian Board to reopen the matter, a development which is not beyond the bounds of possibility. Mr. Kelly does not consider that the M.C.C. have been explicit enough, and he is pressing for further negotiations.

It seems to me though, that both parties should be satisfied now. The Australians have made their protest and have gained, moreover, considerable support in this country. It is unlikely that we shall see fast leg-theory in representative matches again, even if Larwood recovers from his foot injury. Incidentally, a newspaper secured from Larwood an interview which was made to sound unnecessarily bombastic; in it Larwood was quoted as saying that he would certainly bowl leg-theory again if he were chosen to represent England. This sort of nonsense is both irritating and harmful; if Larwood does play for England, he will obey his captain's instructions, and that is the end of it.

THE Australians, then, should be pleased, since they have made their protest and resumed friendly relations with the M.C.C., thus paving the way for next year's Test Matches and their financial consolations. The M.C.C. also should be preening themselves, for they are in no way committed about leg-theory bowling, and they have unobtrusively shown their confidence in Douglas Jardine by appointing him captain of the team which is now touring India. What is more, they have drawn from the Australians a promise to cope with the barrackers, and that is splendid news.

On the whole, I think this controversy has done a certain amount of good. A number of foolish things have been said, both in this country and in Australia, but those can now be forgotten; far more important is the fact that we have been reminded that we were taking representative cricket far too seriously. It is even possible that when the Australians come over here next summer the game will be played as a game, and not as an absurd kind of warfare in miniature. But perhaps I am being unduly optimistic.

IN the meanwhile, what about boxing? I am afraid there is no doubt that the riotous annual meeting of the British Boxing Board of Control means that the future of the sport in this country is somewhat problematical. I do not imply that the resignation of several of the B.B.B.C. stewards would be fatal, or even that boxing would come to an end if the B.B.B.C. itself were dissolved. What does worry me is that the commercial interests, the promoters and managers, apparently cannot realise how vitally important it is that there should be a strong and independent body governing the sport. It is essential to have such a body, if only to gain the confidence of the boxing public. The B.B.B.C., as at present constituted, with Lord Lonsdale as President, Lord Tweedmouth as Vice-President, and men like Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, Colonel Myddleton, Mr. Roland Oliver, and Lord Hamilton of Dalzell among the stewards, should be strong enough, in all conscience, and yet it is unable to keep a firm hold upon the unruly elements in the boxing fraternity. If the Board came to an end of its activities, I think public confidence would be badly shaken; already there are signs that people are not as willing as they were to pay big prices for watching fights which are not always above suspicion.

THIS is the moment, if ever there was one, for a wholesale reorganisation of professional boxing in this country; but I am afraid the opportunity will be missed, and the various interests will just continue to squabble among themselves. A great pity, but we cannot expect the Lonsdales and Tweedmouths of the boxing world to retain their interest in a sport which appears to be commercialised beyond hope of redemption. If they do decide to throw in their hands, I think the end of boxing as a national sport is clearly in sight.

In the circumstances, it is a little difficult to be enthusiastic about Don McCorkindale's victory over Perroni in America, which so confounded the critics there; or to be unduly surprised by Archie Sexton's poor showing against Jock McAvoy in their fight for the middle-weight championship. McAvoy, as we knew already, is a very ordinary champion, but there was something badly wrong with Sexton, who fought as if he were dazed or walking in his sleep. Still, Kid Berg is doing well in the States, and soon the whole of Rome will turn out to watch their Primo Carnera make short work of Paolino, the Basque woodcutter. In Italy, so long as Carnera remains Champion of the world, boxing will flourish. I wish it were possible to be equally optimistic about the sport in England.

SO Ellsworth Vines has turned professional after all! He has rather missed his market, I am afraid; a year ago he would have been a great draw with the Tilden circus, but now his star shines much less brightly. I doubt, too, whether there really is much money to-day in professional lawn-tennis, though if many more famous players go over to the paid ranks, the professional may find more scope for the exercise of his skill, and at the same time may get more publicity. It is at least certain that every amateur who goes over brings the time nearer when we shall have open lawn-tennis tournaments.

G. A. Ellison, the Oxford University Boat-President, who has started training early for the inter-University Boat-Race next year. He is rowing in the New College Coxwainless Fours on the Isis

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Fricassée de Homard

Pick all the flesh from two medium-sized lobsters and mince it. Melt 2 oz. of butter in a pan and stir into it two tablespoonsful of flour. Let this cook thoroughly, but not to colour. Then moisten by degrees with three-quarters of a pint of milk, and season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg. When thoroughly mixed, add the lobster, and let it all simmer for ten minutes, stirring well. Then add a good squeeze of lemon-juice and two tablespoonsful of cream. Heat it all up, but do not let it boil. Serve at once.

Goulasch de Veau

Take about 1 lb. of fillet of veal and cut it into thin slices, then into dice of even size. Peel and slice a fairly large onion and fry it in an ounce of lard to a pale colour. Put in the meat, season with salt, pepper, and paprika, and toss over the fire for a few minutes. Dredge the meat with about a tablespoonful of flour. Mix well and moisten with a gill of good stock and a small glass of claret. Cover the pan and allow to cook slowly for about an hour. Cut two or three peeled potatoes into cubes and add these when the meat is half-done. About ten minutes before serving, mix a little cream with the sauce. Serve very hot.

Portman Press Bureau

Mr. Eric Peiser and Miss Honora Greenwood after their wedding, which took place at Southwark Cathedral; the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress were among the guests

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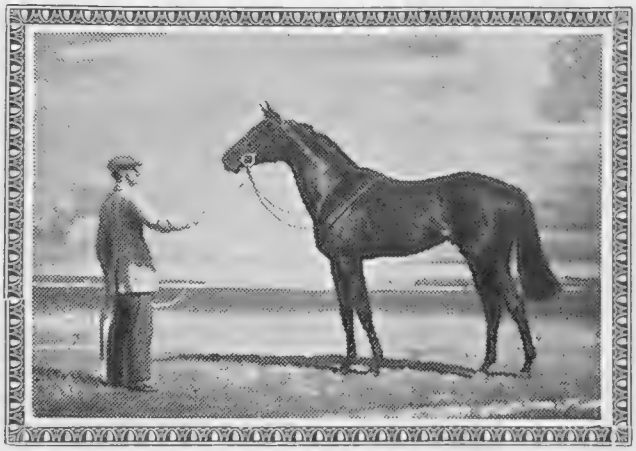

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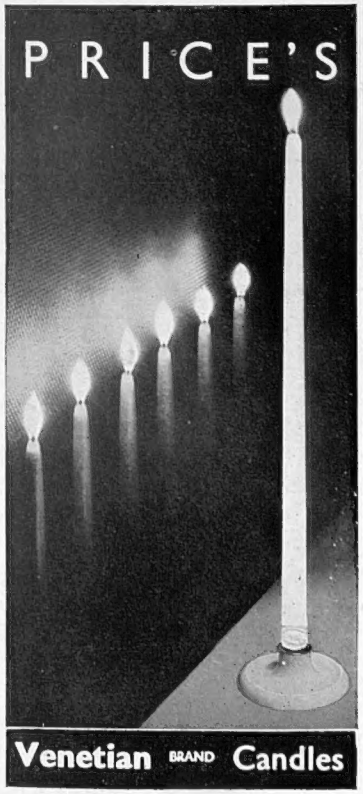

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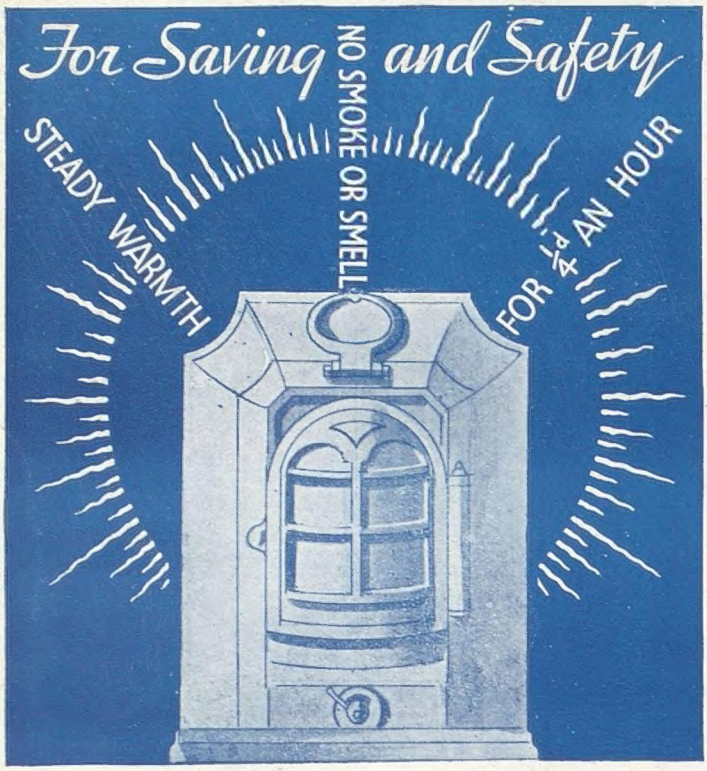

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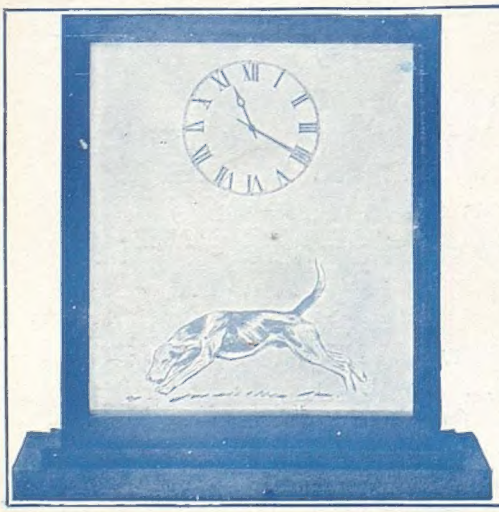

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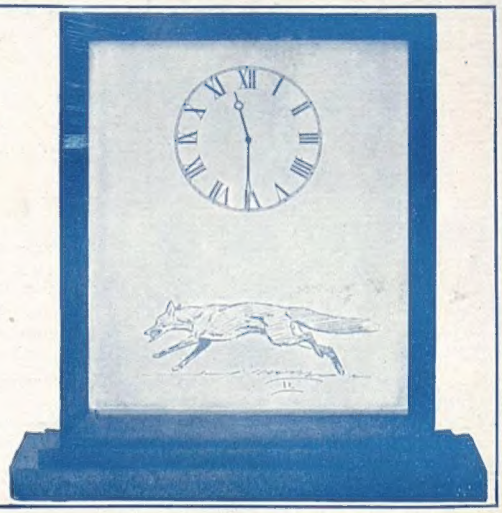
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